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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

FRENCH OPINIONS ON FOREIGN POLICY

L'Opinion published in its late autumn issues replies from prominent French statesmen and publicists to three questions:

1. Do you believe it possible to reach a general and final settlement not only of Reparations, but of all the questions upon which an effective peace depends, under present conditions and without denouncing the Treaty of Versailles?

2. What, in your opinion, should be the guiding principles of a policy that simultaneously consults the interests of France and the interests of civilization, and that can gradually substitute a real reign of law in Europe in place of our present international anarchy?

3. In this connection, and especially in case it becomes necessary to revise the Treaty, what will be the rôle of the League of Nations?

The replies were numerous, detailed, and diverse. Senator Henry de Jouvenel, editor of *Le Matin* and a French delegate to the last assembly of the League of Nations, who is 'undoubtedly a statesman of first rank,' opposed destroying or modifying the Versailles Treaty. It would place France at once under the necessity of appealing either to the League of Nations or to force. Two principles have governed European diplomacy for the past century: a balance of power, and the rise of nationalities. M. de Jouvenel believes that it will be futile and even dangerous to try to restore a balance of power. The Treaty attempted to enforce the principle of nationalities, but without regard to economic realities. This blunder has resulted in uncertain frontiers, disastrous inflation, unbalanced budgets, commercial and industrial crises, and tariff wars. The immediate remedy for the present anarchy is a guaranty-treaty among the Powers, that will render possible a reduction of armaments. The nations that it is suggested should be parties to such a treaty are France, England, Italy, Spain, the Little Entente, Poland, the Baltic countries, and Finland. Such a treaty must precede the economic reconstruction of Europe.

M. François Marsal, a Senator who as Minister of Finance checked credit inflation in France, believes that real peace can be attained under the Treaty, but with very great difficulty. He looks forward to time and patience to remedy the present situation, but believes a firm understanding between France and England essential for Europe's salvation.

Senator Lazare Weiller of the Senate

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Foreign-Affairs Committee, who knows Germany intimately, believes the Treaty of Versailles should be denounced: that this is an indispensable prerequisite for healing Europe's ills. He considers the Treaty as already virtually dead.

> There is not a shade of difference between the interests of France and the interests of civilization in general. France by instinct, traditions, customs, and immemorial policy is an enemy of anarchy, and a champion of the European ideal.

He believes that France should settle her relations with Germany independently, by direct negotiations. He makes the following suggestion: —

> We need our Reparation payments; Germany needs to have her obligations scaled down. Why might she not consent, in return for a reduction of our claims against her, to cede — or at least to allow us to occupy for sixty years — the left bank of the Rhine, leaving the people of the country free to determine their own destinies at the end of that period?

This Senator believes the League of Nations will be a failure unless the United States joins.

Lucien Hubert, also a Senator and member of the Foreign-Affairs Committee, thinks it would be useless to denounce the Versailles Treaty. It would merely bring a worse treaty in its place. Let France occupy outright the Rhine and the Ruhr, as guaranties for Germany's fulfillment of her promises.

> France should preserve her pride of victory. Oh, certainly without arrogance, without offensiveness, but with a dignity that will forbid her permitting her claim against Germany to sink to the unworthy level of a commercial credit.

Senator Brangier, who has also taken a prominent part in French discussions of the Treaty and of Reparations, believes the Treaty itself was never worth much, and certainly is worth nothing at present. He has the same opinion of the League of Nations. His solution is for the four Great Nations — the United States, England, Japan, and France — to employ their economic power to impose peace on the world, and put its peoples to work.

Several Deputies contribute suggestions, mostly of an extremely nationalist character. One thinks the League of Nations is a good investigating body, but practically worthless as a political organization. He believes that France should return to her traditional policy of grouping about herself a clientele of little States, and thus assure her ascendancy in Europe. Another Deputy, who declares himself to be 'an impenitent partisan of the Treaty of Versailles,' proposes that Governments be grouped into regional associations or branches of the League of Nations, 'founded upon community of political, military, and economic interests.' He cites as such existing groups the Little Entente, the Scandinavian countries, and the Pacific Powers that signed the Treaty of Washington. He thinks that France should organize a League of Rhine Countries and a League of Mediterranean Countries along the same lines.

Jacques Bainville, editor of the *Revue Universelle* and author of numerous books on public affairs, replies specifically to the three questions submitted: that the Treaty of Versailles is already as dead as the Holy Alliance; that the most hopeful portent on the European horizon is the demoralization of Germany, which — if it become complete enough — will give France 'a hundred years of peace, worth more to her than one hundred billion francs'; and that the League of Nations is no more what President Wilson expected it to be than Mohammedanism as represented by the Angora Assembly is what the Prophet himself anticipated.

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'All we can say with certainty is that the League will become something different from what it ought to be, because that is the nature of all human institutions.'

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JAPAN AND AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

THE SUPREME COURT'S decision in the case of Takao Ozawa, denying the applicant's right to American citizenship, was received in Japan, according to the *Japan Advertiser*, 'with no bitterness, and with a reasonable appreciation of the real nature of the case.'

Nichi Nichi, to be sure, protests: —

We do not like to see the question of naturalization discussed simply along the line of the color of the skin. We desire that the level of the civilization and intelligence possessed by peoples should be made the criterion for deciding on the right of naturalization. If the decision just given by the American Supreme Court against the Japanese appellants asking for this right was based simply on narrow-minded racial distinctions, we cannot but be surprised at the fact that the American Government and people betray such a sad lack of appreciation of the real character of the Japanese.

Yorodzu is surprised that Chief Justice Taft, who is held in such high esteem in Japan as an unbiased friend of the Orientals, assented to the opinion rendered by the Court, and it fears that the decision may produce an injurious effect upon relations between the two countries. Tokyo *Asahi*, after summarizing the history of the case very completely, believes that the decision was a foregone conclusion in view of the provisions of the American naturalization laws, and regrets that Japanese residents in America made a poor choice of methods to attain their object.

The decision of the American Supreme Court, however, must not end the question of securing citizenship for the Japanese residents in America. Now that it has clearly defined the position of the Japanese in reference to the American naturalization laws, new efforts must be directed to its acquisition by really effective methods; that is to say, the Japanese must try to acquire the right, either by a revision of the laws or by concluding a treaty of naturalization with America.

Yomiuri considers that the decision 'raises a very grave situation for Japanese residents in America,' but says that it is quite clear that the decision was not inspired by anti-Japanese sentiment, and considers the fundamental difficulty 'the irrational nature of the law,' which in its several revisions still clings to the fundamental conception of the superiority of the white races. *Hochi* emphasizes the same point, but observes that prejudice against aliens in the United States has not been reserved for any single race. It regrets the decision as likely 'to aggravate the conflict between the white and yellow races.'

Yorodzu, returning to the subject in a later issue, believes that an eventual race-war is inevitable. From the point of view of the Japanese, 'it is not desirable that men of their nationality should become naturalized citizens in other countries.' None the less, the decision of the Supreme Court, while in accordance with the law of the United States, merely calls attention to the 'irrational and inhumane' character of that law, and makes it clearer than ever that America is bent upon accentuating racial conflicts.

It was only two centuries ago that Asia boasted a civilization superior to that of the whites. Will it be impossible for the time to come round when the colored races triumph over the whites? We do not desire to see the continuation of conflicts between races; we desire that the principle of coëxistence of mankind shall be accepted by all nations and prevail in the world. There are constant class troubles in the countries of

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whites, and it may be supposed that their oppression of the colored classes has in mind the alleviation of domestic disputes. We predict a serious conflict between the white and other races, and are very apprehensive on that account.

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SHIFTING FORCES IN CHINA

A CLEAR current analysis of China's politics is probably beyond attainment in America; nor would it repay the labor, in view of the abrupt and unpredictable changes constantly occuring in that country. Our readers will recall that last summer Wu Pei-fu, representing the Centre party — at least, geographically — defeated in battle his Mukden rival, Chang Tso-lin, and that simultaneously the fortunes of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the radical leader at Canton, suffered an eclipse. Now, rumor has it, Wu Pei-fu is losing some of his recent popularity and influence, partly on account of the jealousy of his patriarchal overlord, Tsao Kun. Other reports have it that he has deserted the Liberal-Moderates and gone over to the Military party.

A minor but significant incident in this political shifting is the removal of General Feng Yu-hsiang, a Christian commander who came into prominence during the campaign last summer, from his post as Governor of Honan. 'The only Christian Governor in China' proved a remarkable reformer during his short tenure of office, and endeared himself to the common people of the province. He reformed the currency, gave a new lease of life to the provincial bank, saw that government salaries were promptly paid, put the young public-school system on a better basis than ever known before, and introduced a spirit of unwonted efficiency and industry throughout the provincial offices. The only people who do not seriously regret his removal are said to be a small group of reactionary champions of the old system, and the disorderly and semi-lawless element that lives mainly by purveying vice — for Feng Yu-hsiang cleaned up the cities in his province with Puritan energy and thoroughness.

Since the withdrawal of Japan from Siberia and the voluntary dissolution of the Far Eastern Republic, China borders on Soviet Russia for approximately 3000 miles. Her diplomatic relations with that country, with whom she has many questions of first importance awaiting settlement, have therefore entered a new phase. These involve territorial issues in Mongolia, railway questions in Manchuria, trade relations, and the problem of Bolshevist propaganda in China itself. Siberia imports grain from Manchuria and meat from Mongolia. China obtains timber from Siberia. Russia gets nearly her entire tea supply from China. The latter country in turn receives from Russian territories most of the furs and skins with which she clothes a large part of her population during the cold season. China's treaty relations with her northern neighbor have existed longer than those with any other country. Russian reactionaries have used China as a base for attacking the Soviets. In a word, China's relations with Russia promise to become almost as important in Far Eastern politics as her relations with Japan.

Right here, Chang Tso-lin becomes an all-important factor in the situation. The Russians will play him off against Peking to get what they want from the Chinese. The Master of Mukden hastened to congratulate the Reds when they seized Vladivostok, and proceeded to disarm the bands of Whites who had taken refuge in Manchuria. The student element in China — which exercises an influence much greater than it does in most other countries — is

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friendly to Soviet Russia and particularly hostile to Japan. The latter country will not stand idle; and if treaty-port gossip is to be believed, is dickering simultaneously with China, with the Reds, and with the people now in power in Peking, to preserve her present interests and to solidify and extend her influence on the Asiatic mainland.

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POLITICS AND ARCHÆOLOGY

WHILE British emissaries are hastening to and fro between London and Cairo, striving to clarify the new relations between the British Empire and its recent dependency, and while Egyptian statesmen are still detained as involuntary guests at British fortress towns, other British emissaries are hurrying to Egypt at telegraphic summons on missions of a very different character. Such was the recent hurried journey of Lord Carnarvon, to be present at the opening of a tomb in the Valley of the Kings, where he walked into what the *Outlook* describes as 'the most wonderful archæological discovery of our time.'

Who would not give ten years of life to be the first to enter chambers sealed for three thousand years, packed with chariots, statues, royal robes, the treasure of a long-dead Pharaoh, the very throne from which the Lord of Upper and Lower Egypt dispensed justice? And of what remains, does the box of as yet unread papyri most excite our envy and our imagination, or the still sealed chamber wherein perhaps reposes the king who restored the ancient faith of Amen-Ra after the one apostasy recorded in five thousand years? I hope the excavators have been careful, when 'with difficulty an entrance was effected,' not to smash doors through and destroy important architectural detail, as many have done before them in premature eagerness to reach the treasure beyond.

The now despoiled Tutankhaten, before he restored the old religion and abandoned the heretic city of Amarna built by the fascinating Akhenaton a generation before him, was of the new faith. Akhenaton caused the old ritualistic art of Egypt to be abandoned for the moment, and there was a brief period of beautiful naturalism: a portrait statue of this king, one of the finest surviving from Egyptian art, renders his delicate and beautiful features, the face of a dreamer, as they were in life. We may fairly hope that in the chambers found by Mr. Carter lie other treasures of sculpture dating from the few years, out of scores of centuries, when alone the ritual of the priest did not cramp and warp the work of the artist. Perhaps it was in the inspiration of this emancipation that some unknown genius carved the state throne of King Tutankhaten, for this is 'probably one of the most beautiful objects of art ever discovered.'

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FIJI LABOR CONDITIONS

WHILE indentured labor has at least nominally disappeared in the Fiji, the condition of the imported Indian plantation workers there is constantly under the fire of humanitarian reformers in Australasia. A Radical member of the New Zealand Parliament, in a recent speech attacking these conditions, raised the question: How far are our current ethical aversions conditioned by our political sympathies and our material interests?

While our New Zealand papers were blackheadlining the lie that the women of Russia were nationalized — a lie that was promptly apologized for by the British paper that first gave it publication, but never apologized for in New Zealand — while that lie was being propagated, under our own flag we had the women of India nationalized. Missionaries protested to Heaven against it. The women of India, despite the principles of caste which had divided them for centuries, met on a common platform and in great public meetings carried their motions of protest to the British Government. Sir, that vile system

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of forced immorality was operated for the benefit of the C. S. R. Company; and to-day although the indentured-labor system has been legally ended in Fiji, its results remain. People who visited Fiji recently have described it as a veritable sex-inferno. It is asserted that young girls are literally sold to the highest bidder in Fiji at the present time, and forced polyandry is rife in the case of married women.

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THE LIT

On October 1st — as was incidentally mentioned in a recent issue — the Government of Lithuania introduced a new currency the unit of which is the 'lit,' equivalent to about ten cents in our money. Hitherto, the money of this country has been reckoned in 'east-marks,' based on the German mark, introduced at the time the Baltic provinces were occupied by the German forces. When the German mark plunged downward, the east-mark naturally followed; and the new money is designed particularly to liberate Lithuania from the undesirable affinity of the two currencies. Since the supply of lits is still limited, and they are the only money accepted for taxes and other payments to the Government, they are for the time being at a premium.

The result of this radical revision of the currency has been a sudden and fantastic rise in prices, which are now about three times as high as in Germany. None the less, when we convert these prices into American money they become very modest indeed. For instance, one hundred-weight of potatoes costs in the new money five or six lits, that is, fifty to sixty cents at par of exchange. A recent employers' conference, summoned by the Minister of Labor, has raised (!) rural wages to the following height: boy field-workers, twenty cents; women, thirty cents; men, forty cents; stone-masons and building-mechanics, eighty cents.

This rate, which we give in American currency, is for an eight-hour day. Figured in marks, however, these wages are rather exorbitant as compared with those of Germany. They amount to five hundred marks per hour for a stone-mason as compared with eighty-seven marks in East Prussia. Since similar contrasts run through the whole range of wages and prices, goods are flowing into Lithuania from her cheaper-money neighbors, and she can export nothing to them. For instance, a single importer has just reversed the usual direction of such trade by bringing five thousand head of hogs across the border from East Prussia, paying for them in the depreciated German money, and selling them at a profit of several hundred per cent in the new lits.

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MINOR NOTES

The London *Jewish Chronicle* recently reported on Constantinople authority that the Angora Government had made a confidential request to the Chief Rabbi of Turkey to organize a Jewish demand of the mandate for Palestine from Great Britain, to the latter country. This request was not favorably received, on the ground that the Rabbinate always held aloof from political questions. A request was then made that a delegation of Turkish chiefs should present a claim that Palestine be returned to the Turks at the Lausanne Conference.

According to the last issue of the *Almanach de Gotha*, the number of reigning houses in Europe has declined from forty-one in 1914 to seventeen in 1922.

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HOW TO SAVE GERMANY

BY HUGO STINNES

[The following article is from a stenographic report of the address which Hugo Stinnes delivered before the Economic and Financial Committee of the German Economic Council on November 9.]

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, November* 12
(BERLIN STINNES DAILY)

EVERY man who is engaged in manufacturing, whether on a large or a small scale, whether he is producing finished goods or raw materials, must wish with all his heart for a speedy ending of our present inflation and the definite stabilization of the mark. Opinion in Germany is divided only as to the conditions under which we can bring that desired object to pass. I believe there is no such difference of opinion, however, in the National Manufacturers Association and, above all, in the Directorate and the Executive of that Association. Naturally, there are slight shades of difference, as everywhere. But in the broad and large, opinion is entirely unanimous.

This opinion has nothing to do with vertical and horizontal trusts. I am happy to begin my remarks by clearing up this point.

Vertical trusts are the children of their time, and horizontal trusts are the children of their time. If money and goods are hard to get, we have vertical trusts, because they enable business to dispense with money and purchases of raw material by articulating all the stages of production under single control, so that very little money is used in the actual purchase of the things employed in production. But if raw materials and good money are abundant — which is a condition we shall eventually see again in Germany — then horizontal trusts will come to the fore. I was personally very active in organizing horizontal trusts before the war, when we were a wealthy nation in respect to capital and raw materials. I hope, if I live long enough, I shall be able to swap horses again, when conditions change and again make horizontal trusts the more desirable.

We Germans are, in my opinion, much too doctrinaire. We are prone to imagine that institutions and devices that are the children of their time and the children of temporary conditions are absolute and will endure for eternity. And in my opinion, we should get rid of the idea that a man must stand for a particular theory because he has adopted a certain course under certain exceptional conditions, although he may never have desired those conditions to occur. There is hardly a man in Germany whose business was so shaken to the foundations, whose existence was so critically threatened, as my own — by the war in the first place and by our defeat in the second place. There are few men whose business had such a world-wide extent, and therefore suffered so by the destruction of world commerce.

I admit that certain industrial groups and certain branches of business are so affected by the present conditions that they cannot protect themselves,

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partly because of Government regulations and partly because they lack knowledge, capacity, and ability to overcome these conditions. On the other hand, there are other industrial groups — naturally those that command greater resources and greater skill, and above all have broader business connections and a better knowledge of world conditions — that are not so defenseless under our present circumstances. It is quite natural that those industries that are better able to protect themselves should defend their interests more vigorously than those that are helpless. That is the only difference between them. Those industries and industrial organizations that are still capable of making a fight for survival believe that their salvation does not rest in any compromise or appeal for compromise; that compromises will result in a fiasco that will merely make things worse than they are to-day. Certain industrial groups who are still able and determined to fight for their lives take this position: 'We will agree upon no measure that will put us in a much worse situation three months from now, or six months from now, than we are in to-day. We intend to fight and to keep fighting without any remission, until we force some kind of settlement that will be a real, permanent settlement, and that will not surrender the control of German industry and German business to the people of a foreign country.'

For you, gentlemen, can hardly fail to be aware of this: war indemnities are being extracted indirectly from German business every day — through compulsory measures forced upon us by outsiders, and through the conditions that prevail at home — which are literally beyond reckoning. I know that enterprises have recently been organized abroad whose sole object is to take advantage of the present inflation of the mark, to buy up buildings, land and other properties in our country, and that in this manner many billions of gold marks are being taken from us in ways that have nothing to do with the Peace Treaty.

I believe that the men who have it in their power to defend certain key positions in German industry are only doing their d——d duty in hanging on to those key positions and not letting any foreigner have them. For, if these key positions do get into the hands of foreigners, as has already happened, for instance, in Austria, the reconstruction and revival of our country will be still more difficult, and we may never be able to recover our economic independence, on account of political duress.

Coming now to stabilizing the currency, we must first of all, I think, get a clear idea of the economic condition of the German Commonwealth both abroad and at home. Germany is running up a heavy deficit because she is not producing enough. I estimate Germany's underproduction as at least two hundred million gold marks a month. Germany not only must produce two hundred million gold marks more, but must produce them over and above the cost of production, if she is merely to pay her own cost of living. Not until we have done this can we begin to produce an excess to apply on our Reparations debts to other countries.

So right here, at the outset, we stand face to face with the enormously difficult question: how can we increase our production? and the second question: how can our Reparation debts be reduced to a reasonable basis?

I am firmly convinced that if the French and the Entente in general were enlightened enough to grant the German nation — conditionally upon our increasing our production to the surplus point — free control over our des-

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tinies, and if they were to withdraw their forces of Occupation, the Germans would get down to work and in a comparatively short time would again become a prosperous people. Whether the French and the rest of the Entente will agree to such conditions, seems to me doubtful.

If we are to survive, then, we must produce more. We must also have access to the markets of the world. In spite of the control we are exercising over our exports — and I have no use for that kind of control — our country, with its worthless money, is shipping goods abroad to an extent that creates an almost intolerable condition among our neighbors. We have just had a report from a Netherlands expert, written with the boot and shoe industry of his country primarily in mind. We cannot blame him if he protests at the ruining of an industry through the effects of inflation in Germany. We shall soon be faced with insuperable barricades against our goods, with artificial obstacles of every kind to keep us out of foreign markets, because we have no dependable standard at home by which to control our own costs of production, and we are sending underpriced goods abroad that represent an actual subtraction from our national wealth. So long as we buy our raw materials on credit, such exports may afford a momentary relief. But they are a charge against our future prosperity, and will eventually force our manufacturers to shut down completely.

We cannot restore economic prosperity at home until we enjoy the most-favored-nation treatment abroad. We cannot expect most-favored-nation treatment abroad until we create conditions at home that convince foreign Governments that we are paying our costs of production on a sound-money schedule: in other words, we cannot dump goods, over and above what is normal and reasonable, upon their markets.

In a word, I take the position, and I believe that an increasing number of other business men familiar with world conditions take the same position, that the first requirement for the recovery of Germany is to work harder — indeed to work to excess. I do not hesitate to assert that in my opinion the German people will be obliged, for ten or fifteen years to come, to work at least two hours a day more, in order to raise production to a point where they can live and have something left over to pay for Reparations. Furthermore, it is my conviction that we must have a general housecleaning and get rid of a lot of things that have hampered Germany's production during the war and since the war.

At the same time, the most-favored-nation treatment abroad is also essential for our industrial survival. That must be granted us as compensation for our longer working-day. Give us these two things and we shall have prepared the way for stabilizing our currency and for whatever else may be needed. It goes without saying that we shall have to put our wages back on a gold basis. I consider it absolutely impossible for Germany to recover her position in the markets of the world until she pays her wages in gold. But this is obviously a reform that must follow, instead of preceding, other reforms.

If you resort to some such quack remedy as a loan of 500 million gold marks from over-trustful foreigners, you will spend the last pfennig of it to no purpose inside of two or three months; and you will not have the 500 million gold marks later, when it is absolutely necessary for you to have them. Some one interrupts, that we are to get a billion gold marks. If you get a billion, you 'll squander them in five months, and you will not get most-

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favored-nation treatment, neither will you get the wages of German workingmen back on a gold basis. And let me repeat: wages in gold are absolutely indispensable, for you will not get England and the other countries to grant you most-favored-nation treatment in their markets until our working people are compensated on the same general basis as their own working people.

Now I come to the rate at which we should stabilize. In view of the monstrous sums of paper marks in circulation, fixing the permanent ratio of paper to gold at too high a point would mean a gigantic contribution to foreigners. For foreigners have bought up paper marks in enormous quantities, and the higher the ratio to gold that we fix as the permanent value of the mark, the heavier the contribution we shall pay to foreigners who have bought these marks at comparatively low prices. More than that: if we peg this ratio too far up we shall add correspondingly to the salaries of our officials and the wages of workingmen, whose nominal rates of pay in the present worthless currency are exceedingly high. We must expect our bureaucrats and wage-earners to fight bitterly to maintain their salaries and wages at the present rate, no matter what the ratio of the mark to the dollar. So by placing that ratio too high we shall invite an epidemic of strikes.

But I believe that we cannot stabilize the mark successfully unless we can look forward to a long period without strikes and wage conflicts. If we start out our stabilization with an epidemic of strikes, that stabilization will cease, in my opinion, inside of two months.

So I believe there are very weighty reasons for not fixing the gold value of the mark too high: namely, the prospect of an enormous loss of capital to foreigners, and the certainty of bitter wage-conflicts. In my opinion you will never be able to make the average German at home understand that if you deprive him of half the nominal value of his paper marks, he may still have as much property as before. He will merely tell you: 'I do not care about that. If you try to take it away from me, I 'll fight back.' And if he does fight back for two months, your stabilization scheme will be a failure.

Therefore, I think, we must muster up courage in Germany, first to say to the people: 'You may keep your eight hour day; but you must work, for some time to come, enough more than that to accumulate an active credit balance, and in addition enough for us to live on, to pay interest and sinking fund on a loan to stabilize the mark, and to pay such Reparations as may prove absolutely necessary.' I do not think this Reparations payment can be very large, now that things have been allowed to come to their present pass. I believe that both France and Belgium are beginning to realize that the payment will prove a very moderate one. Still, I am convinced that it should be large enough to rebuild all the human habitations in the devastated districts.

I consider it an absolute disgrace that we have obligated ourselves to deliver materials that are not to be used directly for reconstructing human habitations in the devastated territory. For instance, when we deliver Belgium new rails to replace her old rusty rails, that has nothing to do, in my opinion, with Reparations. When we deliver England mine timbers, that has nothing to do with Reparations. When we enter into ambitious schemes for southern France and God knows where else — for instance to build great warehouses in southern Tyrol — that has absolutely nothing to do with Reparations. Although I know that I am unable, with my own resources, to rebuild

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the devastated regions, I am none the less convinced that this task must take precedence, and cannot be evaded. In my opinion, they would long since have been completely rebuilt if we had been the victors in the war, for I take it that any victorious nation would unquestionably get rid at once of the incubus of such a chaos of wreck and ruin. That territory must be rebuilt, if merely for psychological reasons. The millions of people who are now living there, under intolerable conditions, must be conciliated and made contented. Otherwise I do not expect to see the country to which they belong recover its sanity and reason. That was my sole motive for making the Heimburg contract. I did not leave M. de Lubersac in doubt for a moment that we should not be able to deliver very much under that contract while conditions remain as they are at present, but I determined I would do everything in my power to see that the little we could deliver should at least benefit the human beings who were suffering, and should not be used for objects that were far less immediate and exigent than rebuilding those human habitations.

If you gentlemen charge me, and the men who think as I do, with opposing stabilization of the mark at any price, you are absolutely right. But at the same time I tell you that the hopes and the interests of all of us are identical. We are merely differently situated in respect to our ability to defend ourselves against our present evils. And let me tell you one thing more: I have never faltered in my determination to defend my interests and Germany's interests, and I shall never falter in my determination so long as I live. I shall always fight against transferring our wealth and the control of our industries to a foreign country, so far as that is possible. I shall do all in my power to promote the eventual understanding at which we must arrive with our neighbors, on any basis that will make us again a free nation, disposing of our own destiny and our own resources.

I am deeply desirous that during the interval before this is accomplished we may not waste our national wealth by bad government at home, as we are now doing. Our real estate and our buildings are being sold to foreigners at no more than five or six per cent — in many cases at no more than three or four per cent — of their actual value. I beg you to consider what a fantastic tax that means upon the German property-holder. I admit that if we had legislation to prevent foreigners from making these profits of ninety and ninety-five per cent of the total value of the property they purchase, they would be less interested in a continuance of the present situation. To-day they figure this way: 'The danger of Bolshevism may make us lose everything; but so long as the situation continues as it is at present, we are making a mighty good thing of it. Germany is paying us every month, or every week, so many billions of paper marks which we are able to invest at an incredible profit.'

In fact, companies are being formed to do this sort of thing. An Italian company has already been organized in Switzerland, and French companies are being founded. It is a marvelous speculation. In this way private parties are able to collect billions of Reparations that their countries could not get in any other way. And they are getting this money at the cost of the German middle classes, at the cost of the people least able to stand it: at the cost of people that the Government will eventually be obliged to support from the public funds in order to keep them from starvation.

But you can, in my opinion, remedy this situation. You must muster up

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courage to say at once to the German people: 'You poor fools! No man can lose a war and then work two hours a day less than usual. That is impossible. You must work, and work, and still work. And if you work well and are firm in your resolve to work at some productive occupation and not to palaver, the way we are doing here, — these gentlemen and I could be producing a great deal more somewhere else, — the product of your labors may eventually make itself felt in the value of our money, and that will be a big step forward.' So that is what we must do.

But at the same time we must stick to this point of the most-favored-nation clause. I regard all the financial measures hitherto proposed by our Government as utter folly. In the first place, this is not a financial question. Our financiers can be of no use to us until our production has reached a point where we have finances with which to financier. When our industries are again running at the top notch of efficiency and when we have markets to which we can ship our products, then it is time for the financier to step in and say: 'Under such and such conditions I can supply you with a loan, and so much of this loan will be for your own uses, and so much for France and Belgium.' When we reach that point, we have solved the situation.

But so long as you hold a Damocles sword over the German citizen and threaten him that the harder he works, the harder he exerts himself, the tighter the noose will be drawn around his neck, you will make no profit.

I believe the world is coming to its senses. I am inclined to think that if we could get together and talk over the subject in not too large a circle, and start over with quite different premises and different points of view from those we have had before, we might make quicker progress. But when I see a Reparations Commission coming here to Berlin and talking nothing but dollars and dollar-loans that we shall squander in no time, that leads us to nothing.

I have not talked with the Reparations Commission and therefore am not one of the men who are supposed to have submitted to that Commission an 'industry plan' — which, in my opinion, does not exist. But on this point there can be no doubt. If I conceive the German Commonwealth as a business amalgamation with considerable real assets but still not paying running expenses, — and I must conceive it as an amalgamation having a joint debt, — I am sure it cannot get any more money until it is run in such a way as to produce a profit. If it cannot make a profit, it will have to be dissolved. For the constituent firms can make a profit, and they will not remain in the combination unless the combination as a whole is profitable. In other words, the German Commonwealth will go to smash. And when we study the tremendous domestic difficulties with which we are dealing, and the secessionist sentiment in the different States of the Commonwealth, we discover at the bottom a feeling, and a justified feeling in many instances, that these States are individually running their Governments on a sound basis. They are alive and working. And why should they remain in a Federation that might run its affairs equally well but is not willing to do so — that has not the courage to face the truth? They ask why they should be involved in a general bankruptcy. If the Federal Government will get down to productive labor, the dissatisfaction with the Government in the East, in the Southwest, and also in the West will, in my opinion, vanish. But you are not doing that.

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So let me say again: if I look upon the Commonwealth as a business enterprise, I first want to know how it is managed. That is what any banking house would ask before it extended credit: it would want to know where its creditor gets his revenue.

In a word, the Entente is nothing but an unfriendly bank with which we are compelled to make business arrangements. The first question it raises is: How can the business be managed best? How can we handle the situation? If the question is simply: How can this country, Germany, be put on a sound credit footing, I think we can clear up the present confusion very promptly. The unfriendly bank will have to make several important concessions. It must see that we have an opportunity to market our goods. It must unlock the world for us. Finally, when this and other similar preliminaries are settled, the bank will be in a position to say: 'Well, now I am convinced at last that you are in a position to do business at a profit, and will give you a current credit.' (Let me say, a stabilization credit would be, in case of Germany, nothing but a current credit.) 'In addition, I will advance you money enough to settle with your other creditors: that is, in your case, the Reparations Governments.'

You, gentlemen, have never got this idea into your heads, and so you have never tried it. But that is the way I would talk to these people if I had it to do. I am convinced that no Frenchman would be blind to such logic. The only serious difficulty I foresee is as to the order in which things are done: whether, we are to be given our freedom and the Occupation troops are to be withdrawn from the whole Rhine territory first; or, we are first to increase our production and our hours of labor. That is something that will have to be worked out by skillful negotiation. I imagine, if you say to a Frenchman: 'You must get out of our country first, and then we will discuss other matters later,' he would say, 'No, I won't do that.' But if we talk over the other aspects of the problem, and the French become convinced that nothing can be done until they do get out, they will leave of their own accord. They will want certain guaranties; they will try to get some definite understanding with the Americans. For we cannot dispute the fact that any guaranties we may give merely to England and to Italy may under certain conditions prove no sort of guaranties whatsoever. If we are honest in our own minds, we shall confess that such guaranties are not satisfactory. . . .

We shall never secure the confidence of our creditors with such artificial measures as have been hitherto proposed: in my opinion they will never entice the dog from behind the stove. The world will have confidence in us when it sees that 'these Dutchmen are coming to their senses.' Then they, too, will begin to come to their senses. You cannot win confidence by childish experiments in manipulating your exchange. These may bring you a brief reprieve from the gallows, but they will not save you from the hemp in the end. That is why I am personally against all such temporizing measures that do not get down to the heart of the question.

Any loan that is advanced us for the purpose of stabilizing our exchange must be a long-term loan. I believe it absolutely necessary, if we are to accomplish results, that we lay our plans for a long period of crisis, so that we may be able to deal with the coming unemployment problem by credits from Europe and America; and we shall require such credits every six months, in order to carry us over the period until we can make deliveries on our contracts.

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We shall be needing increasingly large quantities of raw materials.

You, gentlemen, see the situation much too simply. To be sure, with our vertical trusts we shall be able to speed up our processes of manufacture and thereby reduce our requirements for raw materials. Just now, with our eight hour day and the reduced efficiency of our labor, we have vastly more raw materials and half-manufactured goods in process of fabrication than we used to have. But in addition to that, for instance in our iron and steel industry, we shall have to produce more, and we shall require more capital with which to produce. Our drafts for payment on our deliveries will not be collected for several months. So we shall inevitably need large sums of ready money. . . .

Everybody who has any brains and influence in Germany must take it upon himself to convince the people that there is no way out of our difficulties except by hard work. But if we are to work, we must naturally have places where we can sell the products of our labor.

LITERARY LANGUAGE AS A POLITICAL FORCE

BY DR. ARNOLD SCHRÖER

[*The author of this article is Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Cologne.*]

From *Kölnische Zeitung, Nov.* 11–12
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

By literary language as a political force I mean such an adaptation of language to the needs of civilized mankind that it unconsciously imposes itself even upon people of another tongue, and spontaneously extends its conquests. Language merely as a device for communication is something quite different from this. Persons who do not speak the same tongue often make themselves intelligible to each other in a compromise idiom, and persons who speak different dialects of the same language can understand each other, as, for instance, a peasant from Tyrol and a peasant from East Prussia. Such emergency devices, however, have little in common with language as an instrument of æsthetic expression. They are occasional, primitive, and obedient to no definite linguistic law. They never set a standard; never invite imitation; never impose themselves upon the mind of a nation.

It is a common impression that the spread of a language is due mainly to its practical utility, especially in business. That is a great error. 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' History teaches us that the immediate practical purposes of speech do not determine the spread of any language. Artificial attempts to extend the use of a language and to impose it upon other nations have seldom suc-

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ceeded. On the other hand, a language that responds to the artistic needs of men unconsciously conquers their hearts, wins its way without effort, and irresistibly invites adoption, by virtue of its cultural and æsthetic appeal. If practical business motives determined the use of a language, Volapük, Esperanto, Ido, or some other artificial — mark well, I do not say artistic — compromise tongue would long since have conquered the world and supplanted the cultural languages in daily intercourse. However, their service has always been extremely limited, like that of cable codes and the signals used at sea.

Language in its artistic aspect is not primarily and directly practical. It signifies, first, something that transcends the haste and bustle of business life — an instrument for self-searching and self-interpretation, the holiday garb rather than the working clothes of thought.

Language is more than anything else an expression of national thinking and feeling. It is incomparably more important in this respect than ancestry and race. Therein lies its peculiar significance for the evolution of nations. Ancestry and race are difficult to trace, even in our historical period. We know very little indeed of the different racial strains that in prehistoric times were merged in our western nations, for instance in the ancient Germans. Among the later Germanic races, the English are a mixture of many distinct racial breeds and yet they form a single nation. And it is their language that is the historical evidence of their national tradition. Their language embodies what we express to-day by the current terms 'national culture,' and 'national ideals.' Race is usually a vague concept, and even when it is more or less distinct it retreats after a few generations behind the concept of national tradition. On the other hand, national culture as we apprehend it through a language — and indeed we can apprehend it distinctly only through language — transcends race and is transferable to every race.

Therefore when people of different race adopt a language, they unconsciously adopt the ancestral traditions, culture, and ideals that go with that language. In other words, language is the great instrument of peaceful conquest. But if a language is to possess this tremendous political and cultural potency it must, as I have tried to point out, possess an artistic quality. It must have attained a degree of development and perfection that makes it a perfect medium of thought and expression. It must be what we ordinarily call a written language, or a literary language; or to put it still more precisely, a living, written language.

The development of a literary language is registered by the lives of the great geniuses who have used that language, and who create literary traditions. While political events may favor or prevent the development of such literary models, on the other hand, the existence of literary masterpieces has a profound influence upon political history. This is illustrated in the expansion of the Kingdom of England into a World Empire.

Let us review briefly the steps in this process.

When the ancestors of the Englishmen of to-day, the Anglo-Saxons, occupied the southern half of Great Britain in the fourth and fifth centuries of our era, partly as peaceful immigrants and partly as warlike invaders, they for many years had a precarious hold upon that country. The northern-and-western half of Great Britain and all of Ireland were still inhabited by Celts, an alien and enemy race. For several hundred years they were ex-

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posed to the constant incursions of the Danes. Those Scandinavian adventurers were, like themselves, of Germanic stock, but throughout the course of history kinship of race has never implied friendship. Our modern racial enthusiasms rest on illusion.

Even after the Norman conquest, which was speedily followed by the political consolidation of the kingdom, England's situation still remained precarious. Her powerful and hereditary enemy, France, lay just across the Channel, and at the beginning of the modern era Spain was mistress of the seas. On her northern border was defiant Scotland, also an hereditary enemy, whose feud with her southern neighbor had been almost unbroken for centuries. So the powerful England of to-day was an insignificant power during the Middle Ages, and down almost to modern times. Indeed, she owes her survival largely to her comparative unimportance, which protected her from the unpleasant attentions of her more powerful Continental neighbors.

England's most dangerous enemy was Scotland, which early made an alliance with France, and down to the eighteenth century served, in the hands of France, to keep England in check. Scotland alone was not particularly dangerous, because the country was constantly rent with domestic controversies; but her country might serve as a convenient base of operations for any invading Power. Had it come to a racial conflict, what would have become of the comparatively small number of Teutons who formed the nucleus of the English people? Celts to the north, Celts to the west, Celts to the south — in France!

But history is made not by races, but by nations — and leaders. History does not deal with racial cultures, but with national cultures. Everything depended on Scotland. If the people of Scotland had become a Scottish nation, England would have been lost, or at least she never would have become a World Power. But Scotland became an English nation, and not through political conquest, but voluntarily — voluntarily in spite of her many centuries of consistent political enmity for England. She became part of England unconsciously, through peaceful conquest by the English language as a literary language — as an artistic medium.

When, after the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603, Mary Stuart's son, the Scotch King James the Sixth, ascended the English throne as next of kin and transferred his capital to the banks of the Thames, England's hereditary enemy on the north fell like a ripe apple into her lap. That would have been inconceivable had not Scotland been passing through a slow period of Anglicization for many years. In spite of hereditary enmity, and in spite of local patriotism, the Scotch had watched their southern neighbor with covert envy and secret admiration. This admiration was for England's superior culture, which had developed steadily and harmoniously, uncontaminated by foreign influences; and the medium through which they became cognizant of this culture was the English language.

At a very early period, ever since the tenth century, Celtic-speaking Scotland had ruled over the border territory — still known as the Scottish Lowlands — where the present capital of Edinburgh is situated. But at a still earlier date this territory had belonged to one of the southern English kingdoms, and its people spoke English. This Scotch, but English-speaking, border territory, thanks to its superior English culture, became the heart and centre of Scotland's political realm. At that time, people knew nothing about race and had even less realization of the influence that language exercises over political

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conditions. The people thought of themselves as Scotchmen. They hated England, though they spoke English. Gentlemen at the Scottish Court laughed at their own Celtic-speaking backwoodsmen, the Highlanders, and felt immeasurably superior to them. To be sure, they themselves spoke a North English dialect, different from that of the English Court, but they called that dialect English.

This northern dialect — which was also spoken in the northern districts of England proper as well as throughout the Lowlands — differed from the South English spoken at the English Court almost as much as the language of Holland differs from the language of Bavaria to-day. It was quite conceivable that a North English nation might grow up side by side with a South English nation, with a language and culture as distinct from that of the latter as the language and culture of Holland are different from those of Bavaria. We can easily imagine what effect this would have had upon England's future expansion.

Right here a history-making linguistic phenomenon occurred. A miracle of language happened at the capital of England. Speech blossomed into art. In the second half of the fourteenth century the greatest poet of the English Middle Ages appeared, Geoffrey Chaucer. England thereby gained a literary language that gradually unified the whole nation. Scotland was not so blessed. Not only did England thereby attain earlier linguistic unity through her literary language supplanting her local dialects, but this literary medium soon began to make headway in Scotland itself. The North-English-speaking-and-writing Scots began spontaneously to copy the new born English literary speech, because they were irresistibly attracted by the charm of English literature and influenced by it. So the London speech and poetry of Geoffrey Chaucer and his school conquered Scotland.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when political hostility between Scotland and England was most intense and when the native poetry of Scotland flourished as never before, the language of the North was rapidly becoming assimilated with the language of the South.

Naturally there was more than language alone involved in this. Many cultural elements and common ideals had already prepared the ground in Scotland for the reception of the literary tongue. But the latter was, and continued to be, the most significant expression of the community of culture developing in the two countries.

During the period of spiritual and religious ferment that followed the Reformation, this process of linguistic fusion was completed. Language as an art was found to cover a broader field than belles lettres and poetry. The thoughts that had the deepest hold upon the hearts and feelings of the people — their religious sentiments and convictions — were struggling on every hand for expression, and they expressed themselves in English.

The influence of the language of religion upon the development and the dissemination of the written tongue among the rank and file of the people cannot be overestimated. The anxious longings of troubled human hearts, almost unutterable and inexpressible, had long since acquired symbolical substance in the traditional forms of religious liturgies, which had left their indelible imprint upon the old and young, the humble and the exalted, through centuries, and had perpetuated in unchanging language the loftiest forms of thought. During the Reformation the venerated liturgical formulæ of the old Church were given an English version,

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inspired with the fervent religious passion of the age, and in this popular garb, that even the common man could comprehend, they exercised an all-powerful influence upon the ideals of the nation, the effects of which continue even to-day. John Knox, the great Scotch reformer and pulpit orator, could not repudiate his Scottish blood nor did he desire to do so, but he wrote in English, for both Englishmen and Scotchmen. The mighty pulsating life of his age knew no territorial boundaries in the religious field, and Scotland was carried along with the same spiritual flood that stirred from the depths her neighbor on the south.

Just at this critical period, English literature blossomed in the Golden Age of Spenser and Shakespeare. . . . The glory of their era threw into the shade whatever had preceded it in England, and all that Scotland had produced. The latter country thus became in a sense an intellectual province of England. Its written language, as a separate variety of speech, ceased to exist long before the countries became one through personal union under James the First. After that event the literary men of Scotland gradually followed their monarch to London, where they devoted themselves to imitating the models of their adopted country.

The linguistic union of England and Scotland was an indispensable prerequisite for England's expansion into a great Power and eventually into a World Empire.

We witness the same process in the case of England's Colonies, and particularly in North America. The United States separated from the mother country after a bitter war. Since then the two nations have at times been political enemies. There still exist, and probably will exist in the future, economic causes of controversy and political differences between them, and likewise between England and her Dominions. But the cultural connection between these countries has never been broken, and their common language and common literature give them a common attitude toward life and toward the world, in spite of all their temporary and local differences.

If the culture and the ideals of a great nation do not possess an intrinsic value that wins the voluntary assent and allegiance of other nations, they neither can nor ought to prevail over them.

It is no longer possible for other languages to compete on equal terms with a civilized tongue that is already spoken by 170,000,000 human beings, that is the political binder which cements into a governmental whole 320,000,000 subjects of the Anglo-Saxon Powers, and that affords them their only access to higher culture. The posterity of smaller nations can never overtake in numbers the descendants of 170,000,000 members of a vigorous and growing race. And it is language as an art, as a literary medium, that will for all time to come bind these multiplying multitudes together. Let us hope, in the interest of humanity, it will also lead them toward constantly higher levels of civilization.

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RELIGION AND REVOLUTION IN CHINA

BY HENRY RUDYÈS

From *Clarté, November* 15
(PARIS RADICAL PACIFIST WEEKLY)

WE are wont to think of China as a compact block of several hundred million human beings speaking the same language and possessing the same civilization — what we call Oriental civilization. Our scholars have taught us to regard this civilization as an immortal Byzantinism. Our missionaries have encouraged us in believing that they go forth to China to civilize barbarians. But we know at last that this great heart of Asia is palpitating with the stress and struggle of a mighty awakening. We know that Europe's monstrous error, the Great War, and the doctrine of Bolshevism spreading eastward through Siberia have thrilled this ancient Orient with the hope of a speedy resurrection.

However, distance still draws her veil of mystery across the picture. Let us, therefore, examine the fixed habits of thought and belief that this new revival must encounter. This aspect of the world-wide problem of revolution, as it presents itself in China, is the more important since her social changes for the moment manifest themselves less markedly in the domain of politics than in the domain of morals and ideals.

Wherever Chinese civilization exists — and it extends far beyond the frontiers of the old Middle Empire — all education begins with the study of the 'Four Classical Books,' which contain the moral teaching of Confucius. The thought of this master, who lived five centuries before Jesus Christ, has exercised an influence over the Chinese comparable only with the influence that the Bible has exercised over the Protestant countries of Europe and America. This doctrine embalms the essential principles of Chinese civilization as it existed more than twenty centuries ago, and it has established ethical standards so perfectly meeting the wants of the Chinese people that they have until recently been considered final. The manuals of Confucius were the only books that escaped the universal destruction of literature ordered by the Emperor Hwang-ti about 221 B.C. Consequently, his writings have become practically the sole repository of China's ancient wisdom, an oracle handed down from the venerable past.

Confucian ethics are exclusively social. All else is subordinated to the primary purpose of establishing order and harmony throughout the vast territories of the Middle Empire.

What does Confucius say to his sovereign? You are the head of the nation. You have a mission to fulfill. If you are not faithful to that mission, resign; for you must be replaced by one better qualified. That will be the punishment the people will inflict upon you for the misery they endure through your evil administration. A sovereign should not reign except for the welfare of his people. On the other hand, the people should obey their sovereign and regard him as 'their father and their mother.' Why should there be wars? Do you wish to conquer foreign nations? A wise government will draw these nations willingly within the boundaries of your Empire. Govern well, and you

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will see the whole world eager to place itself under the protection of your just and beneficent rule.

Confucius was once journeying through a mountainous country. He met a young woman who was weeping. Confucius asked her the cause of her grief. She replied: 'A tiger has devoured my children, my husband, and all my family.'

Whereupon Confucius said to her: 'Why do you remain here? Go down into the plains. There you will not need to fear tigers.'

'That may be true,' said the woman, 'But in the plain I should have to pay taxes and I should be constantly oppressed by the Government. Therefore, I prefer to live here in the wilderness.'

It was after this that Confucius wrote: 'Burdensome taxes and bad laws are more cruel than tigers.'

But a code of ethics that aims to make unbroken peace and prosperity prevail throughout an immense empire cannot neglect the constitution of the family. Confucius drew his teachings on this subject from the most ancient patriarchal traditions of his race, and from the immemorial rites of his ancestors. These traditions were, and continue to-day, the backbone of his doctrine and of all Chinese ethics. Confucius bade the members of a family to love one another. 'Your parents have given you life. They have toiled and sacrificed to bring you up. You must aid them in their old age.' In the same way that Confucius prescribed the reciprocal duties of subject and sovereign, he prescribed the moral conduct of members of the family toward each other.

Last of all, Confucius turned his attention to the rules of courtesy that should be observed among cultured and polished people, and the appropriate ceremonials for the court of the sovereign. His teachings are summarized in five fundamental rules of conduct: —

Be faithful to the Emperor;
Be kind and considerate to your parents;
Love your older brothers;
A wife should obey her husband;
Be honorable and sincere to your friends.

Before Confucius, however, another Chinese sage, Laotsze, had bequeathed his wisdom to his fellow men. He was probably one of the greatest metaphysicians in history. Unhappily, however, his teachings have come down to us in an imperfect form, through comparatively recent texts. Laotsze was a sort of Chinese Tolstoi, so far as his moral doctrines were concerned. Closely akin to the Hindus in his philosophy, he preached absolute detachment from the world, and complete indifference to temporal things, even to good and evil. Only thus could one attain the *Tao* — the Divine Path; for good and evil are absolute concepts that we can never hope to realize. Therefore we should be passive. Only through solitude and meditation can we become submerged in the River of Life. Laotsze tried to direct his pupils through his precepts toward this intimate consciousness of life universal — life eternal. He conceived the world, all beings, and ourselves, as formed of the same ultimate, unchanging, all-pervading, all-controlling principle, the Tao.

There is a legend that represents Confucius as coming to ask Laotsze what was the best system of government. Laotsze said to his visitor: 'Do you see my teeth?'

Confucius replied to the aged philosopher: 'You no longer have any.'

'Good. Can you see my tongue?'

'Naturally, since you are talking to me.'

'So you see,' said Laotsze, 'my teeth, which were hard and rigid, have been destroyed, while my tongue, which is supple and soft, still survives. Your

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rigid rules will break and crumble. Life alone will survive.'

According to such a philosophy it is evident that sovereigns could reign only nominally. Laotsze thus expressed himself to them: —

'Do you wish to rule? Then begin by repealing all your laws in which you try to imprison the life of your subjects. Leave the people to themselves. They will know how to take care of themselves. They will manage excellently without you.'

We can easily understand that the Chinese emperors promptly prohibited the teaching of such ideas. Nevertheless this doctrine has inspired and informed all the subsequent art and philosophy of China. Indeed, it is a mistake to consider this doctrine as the product of one individual brain. Like the doctrines of the early Greek philosophers, and of the Brahmins in India, the Taoism of Laotsze is a purified precipitate of the most venerable religious concepts of his race. Throughout the centuries, such teaching has expressed, in the loftiest form, the mystical consciousness of the Eternal that abides in every great human community, whether it be Christian, Buddhist, Islamic, or Chinese.

Confucius, on the contrary, occupied himself with practical problems of everyday conduct and sought primarily to establish equilibrium and harmony throughout the eighteen provinces of the Middle Empire. None the less, Confucius and Laotsze are both mouthpieces of this great mass of humanity congested on the flanks of the Asiatic continent. One gave form, the other voice, to the aspirations of that giant nation.

Indeed, China's vast area and vast population have throughout her history constituted her peculiar problem: a problem of internal harmony, of ceaseless organization, of ceaseless accommodation of the parts to the whole. Her traditional ethics as embodied in Confucianism have up to the present sufficed to meet this need. That doctrine trained every Chinaman from childhood to do his part in the gigantic collective task of maintaining the political equilibrium of his country.

But ten years ago the Empire crumbled and collapsed. The seriousness of China's problem of political equilibrium has never been revealed more clearly than by the chronic anarchy that has ensued, during which each province has become a feudal principality, joining with its neighbors only to wage incessant civil war against other provinces. Under such conditions is it not natural that the people should look back to Confucianism as their salvation?

However, that salvation will be sought elsewhere. China is already laboring to replace the ancient equilibrium of Confucius by a new system of social checks and balances. She is already learning what strikes and class struggles mean. To be sure, she is as yet only on the threshold of industrialism and its manifold problems, but trade unions are springing up, especially throughout the South, with remarkable suddenness and vigor. Meanwhile, Bolshevism is making rapid headway among the intellectual classes. It is along this line that the new battle is being joined. On the one side stands Confucianism; on the other, the social idealism of to-morrow.

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THE LITTLE DIALOGUE CONCERNING THE VIRTUES

BY LA SE-FE

[*In* 1904 *a collection of Chinese writings was published in Peking under the title:* The Cloister of the Seven Virtues. *The author of the selection from this volume that we print below belongs to a younger group of Chinese writers, who, although profoundly influenced by Western culture, advocate a revival of Chinese ethical and æsthetic canons.*]

From *Die Wage, November* 4
(VIENNA LIBERAL PACIFIST BIWEEKLY)

WHEN the jewel-rayed humming birds were flying across the plains of Hin, and the swallows were gathering for their long migration, Ku Lu-ling and his pupils went into the garden of Fu Wu-fang, which the people of the country call the Garden of Radiant Promise.

When they came to the Lake of the Virtues, they seated themselves upon its thrice-terraced banks, and gazed into the calm blue waters across which huge spiders were skipping to and fro, scarcely touching the surface. Notwithstanding this, the water rippled to the very shore of the little lake. Thereupon, Ku Lu-ling spoke and said: —

'See these spiders. They are like the flitting thoughts of the soul. Nothing is so light and fugitive that it does not thrill the soul from its centre to its farthest boundaries, where it meets fixity and immobility.'

He glanced up and observed that Sin Ga-li, the youngest of the maidens in the party, opened her mouth as if about to speak, but checked her words.

Thereupon Ku Lu-ling said: 'Tell us, Fluttering Golden Shower, what golden spider is now dancing across the mirror surface of thy many-hued soul?'

Thereupon Sin Ga-li stammered modestly: 'According to the discipline of the school, the youngest must ask the pupil next older, and that one the pupil next older still. The teacher is not addressed unless the oldest pupil in the school cannot answer the question. However, Master, since thou askest me, I must answer according to the Eighty-seventh Law of our school, as propriety bids. I do not know, to be sure, whether these laws apply here; for my uncle only brought me to you yesterday.'

Thereupon Ku Lu-ling replied: 'All laws are valid here. Follow thine and it will be well.'

Thereupon the maiden said: 'What dost thou mean? Is the soul hemmed in with fixity and immobility? Shall we not then become like steel and marble? Shall we not become as fast in our places as the Mountain of Sing? Will not a wall separate us from whatever is not part of our own soul?'

Ku Lu-ling listened attentively to the maiden and was silent for a long time before he spoke: 'Fluttering Golden Shower and the rest of you! Listen to me. There are many schools and many doctrines. It is the nature of doctrine to sweep through the heavens like a mass of clouds that every man may see, and in which every man may discern different outlines. A doctrine is one thing for him who teaches it, and another for him who receives it. See, I am drawing near to the end of my days. I can tell you what I have seen,

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but you cannot see what I have seen, and we can never understand each other perfectly. Happy he who draws a lesson from a teaching, though it be a different lesson from that which the teacher intended. That is the secret of doctrine. Thus doctrine has always been, is to-day, and ever will be.

'Therefore I say unto you: There is more than enough that is hard and fixed in the world, but too little love. Some are hard and inflexible because they have no love. Others are hard because their love of the Tao, the Universal Being, makes them hard. Their love for the Tao makes them regard their hardness of heart as a virtue, and inflexibility as a merit. They confuse hardness and strength. But where is the Tao for whose sake they are hard? I know nothing of the Tao. Ming-fu, my great teacher, who revered the Tao out of love for his ancestors, was wont to say: "The Tao dwells in every human heart. To be hard and inflexible toward your fellow men is to be hard and inflexible toward the Tao itself. First learn to know those upon whom you bestow your love; but to seclude from them the many-hued waters of your soul is to seclude these from the Tao itself." And I say the same unto you, though I know nothing of the Tao.

'What is virtue? Love is virtue. And again, what is virtue? Again love is virtue. But love has a twin sister, and happy children. The sister of love is kindness, but not that cold and unsympathetic kindness which even they know who force themselves to be kind out of reverence for the Tao. The children of love are happiness, joy, delight, and ecstasy. Mark well — that is virtue.'

Thereupon Mun King-fu, one of the students, said: 'Master, thou hast often spoken to us of these marvelous things, and though we have not seen the things that thou hast seen, and the teaching out of thy mouth is not the same teaching that enters our soul, yet all this is our possession. We rejoice in joy, we delight in delights, we love love. Tell us, are they evil who do otherwise?'

Ku Lu-ling replied: 'I know nothing of the Tao. I know nothing of evil and good. I know only of love, and when I call love virtue I do so merely that our Fluttering Golden Shower may know that I conceive love, goodness, happiness, joy, delight, as she conceives the Tao. And as she is stern toward herself, and toward others for the sake of the Tao, so I am loving to others for the sake of love. I am happy for the sake of happiness, and I rejoice for the sake of joy.'

Ming Fu-ko, who seldom spoke, thereupon observed: 'Forgive me, Master, if I recall to thee something that perhaps I should not think about. But thou hast taught us to be frank toward thee. See, a brown spider darts across my soul and sets it all a-rippling. I have seen thee angry with Lin-hu and wrathful with Wu-chen. How dost thou explain that?'

When he said this slowly and hesitatingly, a deep silence ensued. One could not even hear the pressing of a guarded footstep on the sand. But Ku Lu-ling smiled gently as ever and replied: —

'I do not teach you to love where you are hated; I do not teach you to accept insults when you are reviled. Nay, I do not even teach you to endure without protest that others should rob you of love. Defend yourselves against him who would deprive you of love, for he is a worse enemy than the one who treats you without love. Flee the places where those who love not dwell, and seek the places where those dwell who can love you and do love you. Lin-hu was a malicious old man. Is there anything worse? Wu-chen was a man who

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thought evil of everyone, and therefore forced me to oppose him. I hardened my heart against both, and because of this hardness I was doubly stern with them. Alas for those who make others hard of heart. I do not teach you to endure evil treatment; I teach you to avoid it. Follow the example of Mun-tsu, who sought the Cloister of Sevenfold Bliss. Happy are they who are permitted to love; happy are they who are loved; happy are they who discover one to whom their hearts go out spontaneously; happy are they who find a friend who draws them to him and fills them with a desire to do kindness; happy are they whose unremitting efforts enable them to escape whatever is hostile to them, and to surround themselves with those influences and conditions that make them gentle and happy and kind and merry and loving and joyous.

'Even did I likewise believe in the Tao, Fluttering Golden Shower, I should consider that virtuous conduct. Where thou canst not find peace and contentment, thou canst not rightly dwell.'

Thereupon Ming Fu-ko spoke again: 'Master, were I to teach thy doctrine, the red barbarians would call it cowardice. Aye, even Hun Gun-li was in error; for he taught that true virtue is independent of the world.'

By this time it was evening; the blushes of the setting sun were reflected on the bright-gray features of Hin Fu-shan, whose arms enclosed the lily-embroidered plain; the sound of distant flutes was borne softly over the fields, when Ku Lu-ling gently but seriously replied: —

'When a great poet writes his verses he listens to the whispering of nature. He gazes into the clear depths of the universe. But he flees the noise of the market place and the wrangling of washerwomen at the public fountain. When an artist puts the last delicate polish upon an ivory statue, does he do it seated among garbage heaps? When a swordsmith prepares to forge a noble blade, does he choose common clay for his material? No, the gifted artist or cunning craftsman rejects whatever is not appropriate for his task. He seeks the conditions where he can best perform his service as a poet, an artist, or a swordsmith. Is that cowardice? Dear youths and maidens, the task of each of us is to write the poem of his life, to carve the ivory statue of his existence, as skillfully and as beautifully as Heaven gives him power to do. Is that not a task worthy of as much solicitude and care as the other tasks that I have mentioned?'

The sun had gone to rest; fireflies twinkled like tiny messengers of light through the evening dusk; the plains exhaled their peaceful eventide scents. No one spoke again. As the moon rose over the horizon they turned homeward, each going his or her respective way.

Thus was spoken the little dialogue concerning the virtues.

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IASNAIA POLANA

BY ALEXEI DEMIDOV

From *Nakanune, November* 12
(BERLIN RUSSIAN-LIBERAL DAILY)

MORE than eleven years have passed since the death of Leo Tolstoi; but the number of visitors to his grave and to the Tolstoi Museum in *Iasnaia Polana* has not decreased — indeed this influx has assumed the character of an unceasing religious pilgrimage.

We drive through beautiful dense forest and pass the factory *Kosaya Gora* which used to flood the neighborhood with electric light and fill the air with the noise of its machinery. It is hardly alive now. The tall furnaces are dark; everything is still.

They tell me that in former years, when the workers of this factory sometimes 'revolted,' and the revolt was apt to result in injury to the workers themselves, Tolstoi used to appear, a mediator between the workers and the management, and appease the tempest. . . .

We crossed the well-known wide road upon which, in 1910, relatives and friends bore the remains of the great writer from the railroad station to the house, amid a throng of ten thousand people.

There is the garden of his estate, now all fenced in with barbed wire. We appreciate the thoughtfulness of those who have taken this precaution, but we miss the plain, gray wooden fence that used to surround the garden. The barbed wire is an ugly intruder into the idyllic atmosphere of Tolstoi's domicile, the birthplace of so many lofty thoughts. But this was a necessary thing — without the barbed wire the garden might have been invaded, and the trees destroyed. . . .

This is not a regular calling-time for visitors, who are admitted only on certain days and hours. The little square in front of the house is wind-swept and empty. Sadness and stillness reign.

Tatiana Lvovna, the eldest surviving daughter of Tolstoi, was generous enough to forgive our ignorance in coming at a time when visitors are not ordinarily received, and consented to take us through the residence. The old veranda, so often described, is slanting somewhat. But elsewhere about the house there is evidence of recent repairs. An old man walked slowly by — Tolstoi's personal servant for twenty years. His movements were slow and halting, as if his life was rapidly ebbing away. He told us a few things about the old days, and how life goes on now at Iasnaia Polana.

The Tolstoi Museum is kept by Alexandra Lvovna, Tolstoi's youngest daughter. The lands that were formerly part of the Tolstoi estate are now managed by the Soviet Government.

Tatiana Lvovna, white-haired and considerably like her father, was very friendly. She showed us Tolstoi's bedroom. There everything is kept exactly as it was left by the great thinker on the evening when he secretly abandoned his manor house to spend the rest of his life the way he always longed to live — earning his bread as peasants do. There is his well-worn dressing robe; a half-burned stearine candle and a medicine bottle still stand upon the little table.

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We were next taken to his study, where Tatiana Lvovna showed us a phonograph, with an autograph plate of Mr. Edison, who sent the instrument to Tolstoi asking him to speak into it.

'However,' she added, 'you know that father did not like this sort of thing, and spoke into the phonograph but very little.'

Upon the wall hung a portrait of Henry George. I remember having heard Tolstoi speak with enthusiasm of Henry George's theories which, he thought, would best solve the Russian land problem and even improve the condition of humanity as a whole.

'Yes, father was very fond of Henry George,' said Tatiana Lvovna. 'When Henry George was dying, he told his son to bring this picture of him to Tolstoi. Young Henry did so, and at that time he stayed with us for about a week. When he was leaving, father stopped him and said: "I had forgotten to ask you what I should tell your father when I meet him." And, seeing the young man's amazement, he added: —

'"You see, I'm old. I shall surely be there soon . . . and I might perhaps meet him."'

We walked to Tolstoi's grave between two rows of barbed wire with many signs showing the direction. This barbed wire, indispensable as it is under the present circumstances, again produced a very disagreeable impression on us. One cannot help thinking of trenches and war — things so immeasurably remote from the spirit of Leo Tolstoi.

His grave was all adorned with flowers and greenery, as if he had been buried but yesterday. . . .

THE PONDS

BY H. J. MASSINGHAM

[*Mr. Massingham is an English nature-lover and journalist who frequently contributes articles on the out-of-doors to the English magazines.* Some Birds of the Countryside *is his most recent book.*]

From the *Outlook, November* 11
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

The Surrey heathland is not large in acreage, yet it is as deep in nature as Scottish glen, Yorkshire moorland, or East Anglian salt marsh. Some of these bogs and heaths, lying unembarrassed at the doors of a polite humanity, are as intense, ascetic, and obscurely prehistoric as Egdon, though lacking its sublimity of expanse; and the very scars of many of their blasted surfaces — like patches of tenacious night left over into the day — seem the figures and symbols of an intent brooding, prolonged for centuries, upon mysteries banished by light. The phrase 'the twilight of the past' acquires a real meaning upon these sombre wastes, so continuous with it, so ageless and heedless of the mouse-like scratchings of time.

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They are so natural a partner of the lowering sky that it only remains for night to make them one in a union upon which the sunlight of day and now is an intruder.

A profusion of varied wild flowers, a prospect of dimpling leafage, an April maidenliness even, might, one feels, break the congruity of these barrens and the reciprocity of mood between them and a human lingerer among them. Nor is their vegetation ever showy, except in the meridian of the gorse, whose jets are yet of too pure and almost ceremonial a flame to introduce a gaudy discord into the deep ancestral tones of the moorland. The brighter and larger flowers either grow apart, or hidden in among the reeds or gray-green tresses of the hollows — and the golden capsules capping the crimson stems of the heath-moss, the tree-hair and reindeer lichens, the feather-mosses, the minute clustered florets of the white *Teesdalia*, the young bilberry shoots touched with rose, are no alien pipes and flutes but an undersong attuned to the grander harmonies of a solitude that is without severity.

There are ponds on many of these heaths. Some are heavily embroidered with reeds and sedges, but others are naked, and with their open, sweeping lines alternating with map-like traceries, their diminutive inlets, bays and promontories, their cobalt waters and golden sands, they resemble breaks in a torn and billowing cloudscape, faintly washed with remote sunlight.

The bird-life of these hard-bitten wastes is quite different from that of woodland, pasture, and hedgerow. One might almost call it the inner, quickened life of their swarthiness and repose, just as we often detect the subtlest variations, changes of pattern, and play of subdued lights in substances of an apparent uniformity. The bird-life of cultivated land is explicit and familiar; that of heath, moor, and common more intimately mingled with what is felt beneath their coverings.

The birds are the lights in the dark face of the heath — the color, animation, and gaiety of its primitive changelessness — dwellers as they appear to us in a discarnate world of nimble imagination, and yet the very children of its still and ancient presence. There could be no friendlessness in this Antæan sleeper, when such thoughts have streamed for long ages of undimmed brightness from its mysterious brain. It is reticent, but the lapwing from above hurls himself down into its calm bosom, and then, as though catching the effluence of an unbetrayed elation of being, rockets upward again and, snapping all the ropes of a dragging mortality, becomes the very figure of exhilaration — spinning, tossing, eddying, plunging, swerving, and reeling, a leaf in the blast of his own happiness, and yet so passionate in it that his cries are plaintive with the unrest of a desire beyond.

The swans sleep on the water as though that secret breath of the heath were not an elixir but a narcotic, brewed in centuries of trance. Then in a moment they are up, a dozen of them, and, with necks outcraned as though in invocation, and creak of solemn wings, they pass like figures in a saga, clattering their lobed feet against the surface of the water for a full hundred yards before they come to rest in a hoarse muttering — very different from the abrupt yelp of Bewick's swan, which frequents these ponds earlier in the year.

It is always the birds which reveal the variety of mood, the mobility of expression muffled in this dun-coated and impassive wilderness. Late in March, or this year, early in April, the wheatear — almost fellow-traveler with the chiff-chaff, mute among the reluc-

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tant buds of the birches — returns, a recovered grace of memory, to the shores of the lake, twinkling, with whirring feet like a running phrase of music, in the haunts of his lowlier brethren, the natterjack and coronella. Here, in the first week of a bleak April, I have seen the larger and brighter of the two forms, the Greenland wheatear, whose sparser waves usually break in upon us in May and blow back again at the tail of our more native bird through September and October. The pearly gray of the back and almost reddish-gold of the breast add an elegance and refinement to the dark monotone of the heath in accord with it, by the opposition of quality which lends to each, shaggy parent and sylph-like wanderer with his flashing motions and tempestuous airs come home again, a sharpened value.

And when that toy-popinjay, the male stonechat, with his sweet, attenuated warble, perches in the full dress of spring upon the tips of the gorse-twigs, he is not the less beloved for another variation of tender mockery. Every spring two or three pairs of sandpipers occupy the hems of land and water, each to their own holding true, meeting my curious gaze with tossing head and bobbing tail, and then lancing out low over the water with that high, modulated, liquid whistle, which, like the music of most of the wading family — pure as mountain air — seems the distillation of all the wildness and freshness in the world.

The actual pond-dwellers are nearly all birds of passage, and their fugitive presence is a sure index to the character of these wastes of land and water — a remoteness with a special intimacy of its own, a wildness that hides within its barriers two nest-eggs, so to speak, of homeliness and repose. Little parties of widgeon and yet speedier teal go racing in sweeps and sudden angles overhead; the thin whistling of the mallard's vanishing wings seems the cry of the unknown fading into its own mystery; and the gaudy shoveler, painted white, blue, rufous, and iridescent green, hurls himself up-wind with heavy power, swinging his yellow-eyed head with its flattened bill from side to side, turns within his own length, cumbrous on the wing as he is, and dives like a vari-colored bolt into the rushes.

But the thickset figure of an immature goldeneye, a grayer bird than the more pied adult, slumbers among the tufted duck, buoyant as corks, and with brown head tucked under the wing, forgets his panics and solitary ways. The next day he is gone, and there is an immature pintail in his place, distinguishable from the goldeneye not only by the white line along the sinuous neck, but by slenderness of line, the rich vermiculations of gray and white on the back, and the pheasant-like tail, looking as though it were bobbed in the young bird. He has a crisp and lively mien and flirts on dashing wing to and fro over the water as though well pleased to stay in the care of the wild. The next week and he is gone. Yet occasional pairs of tufted duck and pochard linger far into the spring among the ponds, and may well remain to nest. Three pairs of curlew do nest every year on the heathy borders of one of them — the only home in the south of England of a bird whose voice and temper translate into active terms, like those of no other, the impenetrable spirit of places tameless to men. And sharing her quarters with the rarest of wild birds on their way with brief rest to homes remote as their lives from our understanding, the coot sits on her reed-mound, two feet high in the reed-bed, and when her mate scrambles up to feed her on the platform, their white shields move like wind-swayed reeds.

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Thus one species after another stamps its temperamental impression upon the heathland, endowing it with a subtle manifoldness behind the uniformity, like the footmarks of waders large and small, etched upon lone and level sands. The image is not fetched from afar, for on the shallows inshore, where the carrion crows flock down to feed on the freshwater mussels, are printed the steps of redshank and sandpiper, and once I found among them the unmistakable traces of a bird who has not been recorded from Surrey for sixty-five years — the sanderling, a passage bird of the coast nesting in Alaska, Siberia, and Spitzbergen — and which lacks the hind-toe. That trivial inscription was a wonderfully graphic manuscript of the wild and obscure heart of the Surrey heathland, and was to me what a rag of papyrus charactered with a Babylonish text of rare meaning would have been to the archæologist.

The moorhen trails over the water with wings fanning the air; the snipe streaks over it with the speed and jaggedness of lightning; the collared reed-bunting hauls himself up in laboring wing-spurts like a mediæval soul making for heaven, heavy laden with sin; the meadow-pipit glides an air-slant on unfolded wings, spinning out his love trill; the heron strides the air like a tragic actor, and the kestrel beats his wings aloft and is still — all are like changes of mood rippling over a stark land impressionless to us.

But the great crested grebes displaying on the water gave it its full light. They nest freely over the whole district of the ponds, and in April I have seen as many as twelve pairs on one pond, of which, perhaps, three-quarters are passengers. The big grebe swims so low in the water, and holds its neck so taut, that the rhythms of courtship and the radiance of the gleaming breast come as a transformation. Approaching their mates they cleave the water and mantle the wavelets as proudly as any swan, the chestnut-frilled neck thrown back upon the wedge-shaped body with the grace of a reed-blade streaming to earth in a sudden breeze. Others rush forward, leaning their necks level to the water, and two lovers, meeting, rear breast to breast and make caressing passes at each other with their bills. Seen thus, with curved necks, spread ruffs, and stiffened ear-tufts, they have some resemblance to cobras swaying with expanded hoods. But the association is too sinister in idea, for here there is nothing but peace, love, and the royalty of life revealed in the lustre of satin breasts. I cannot think of these wild places as sullen, dumb, and menacing, when in them throbs so quick a pulse of being.

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SHOPPING WITH A PRETTY LADY

BY ERNST GOTH

From *Pester Lloyd, November* 11
(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

'OH YES,' continued the pretty lady over the telephone, 'I reserve you to-morrow morning. We are going to do some shopping . . . I need some goods for a suit, and I also need underwear . . . The longer I wait, the higher it gets. You must help me to find what I want; you understand these things so well!'

'Understand ladies' underwear? I am highly flattered with your confidence. I do not quite see, however, as far as buying underwear at the present prices is concerned . . .'

'Oh, my! You have no idea how urgently I need some articles . . .'

'I must say, I have no idea about that.'

'And then — could you put those worthless mark notes to any better use than investing them in underwear?'

'Well . . . There is a great deal to be said for that . . . However, I shall be at your disposal to-morrow morning at eleven.'

The next morning found us on our way to town. My fair companion tried to protest when I paid her fare in the street car; such gallantry, she said, ought to be dispensed with in these days. Whereupon a melancholy exchange of opinions ensued on the influence of the economic crisis upon the relations of the two sexes, or simply speaking, upon love. We perfectly agreed with each other that an age when it was no longer possible for decent people to present roses, to have little tête-à-tête suppers, to take sentimental auto-rides, meant nothing less than the end of love.

We stepped off in front of Wertheim's and walked between rows of glittering brocades, softly shining velvets, and flowing silk crêpes, to the dress-goods counter. Three needy looking women were standing before a roll of coarse, warm overcoat-material, examining over and over the tag which bore the inscription '2300 marks a metre,' and dropping it hopelessly again. I saw their lips moving in silent calculation.

'Unfortunately, my lady,' said the salesman to another customer, 'we have none of those goods left. But in another two or three weeks we expect more Velour de Laine and Monkey Skin in the most exquisite shades . . . As to the prices, my lady, they are altogether uncertain . . . the dollar exchange, you know . . .'

We retreated. Near the entrance a crowd of customers: a lot of cheap sandwich-paper was on sale. It seems that the years of 'war food' are coming back again.

In the window of a little, elegant shop Madame saw some goods that appealed to her. We stepped in and began to choose. Suddenly the sales-lady grew suspicious.

'May I ask in what currency you intend to pay?' she said.

'In marks, naturally,' answered the pretty lady. 'Don't you see that we are not foreigners?'

'I am sorry to say, we only sell for *Valuta*.' And she began to take her goods off the counter. I wanted to stop her. I imagined I could recall a law

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compelling merchants to accept the national currency. But Madame hastened away.

We were speechless for a few moments, and then proposed to take this matter into court to-morrow; but our discussion ended as soon as we found ourselves in front of a beautiful shop window, wherein the most wonderful things were displayed: evening hats of silver lace, chinchilla wraps, traveling goods of genuine leather — a whole symphony of objects from a former world, a world that perhaps still exists beyond our frontiers, but is speedily fading into oblivion for us.

Suddenly I became sharply conscious of the fact that the expensive, magnificent, artistic framing of feminine beauty in Germany was a thing of the past. Where are the women to-day who know how to wear these beautiful things? The hotels, the stores, *Leipzigstrasse* are filled with foreigners, but not the foreigners that used to fill our theatres and fashionable dining-rooms. Where are those blond, haughty, immaculately neat Englishwomen, their correct, slender, sport-hardened husbands, and their respectable, white-haired fathers, who seemed to have been born in dress coats? Brusque, rough fellows with bandit countenances, and loud-spoken, ungraceful, coarse women have taken their place. Dish-washers from New York, greengrocers from Paris, butchers from London now overflow this German paradise, where they can feast and revel with one dollar and impose upon people with one pound sterling; where the tip-takers of yesterday may satisfy an ambition to become the lavish tip-givers of to-day.

A small cape that looked like pressed velvet with blue fox trimming awakened a great longing in Madame.

'*Ach*, I must at least ask how much it costs!'

Before she ceased speaking, the liveried doorman was already throwing open the magnificent plate-glass door. There were three capes of exactly the same type in the store; one of them was being priced by a robust-looking, bobbed-haired female who was obviously unused to her brand-new tailor-made suit. She eyed the cape critically.

'Oh no,' the saleslady protested with an insulted air. 'This is not pressed velvet. This is silver-broadtail . . . The price is six hundred thousand marks.'

The pretty lady, abashed, stepped aside. The bobbed-haired person threw the cape upon the counter and said: 'All right. I'll take that along, too.'

My companion went to the underwear counter. I was not sure that she needed my help, and suggested that I take the elevator to the men's shop, where I wanted to buy a long-needed pair of spats. However, she misunderstood me entirely.

'Spats? These days? And you call yourself a thrifty man?'

'My lady,' I said, 'I must make you a shameful confession; I have to wear spats in order to save my socks . . . And that is another sign of the times — superficial elegance to conceal one's poverty.' And I stepped into the elevator.

Shall I confess that I did not buy any spats?

Meanwhile, the pretty lady had not bought any underwear, either. We wandered on, and stepped into a large underwear store. We had to wait in the street, as they had temporarily closed the doors of the overfilled shop. Here again we were surrounded by *Valuta*-gamblers, who could never venture into a fashionable store in their home-country. After a while we were shoved into the house, caught between two negroes. These were buying three dozen starched collars each, at a hundred and twenty marks apiece.

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The pretty lady was shown a batiste combination suit. It cost three thousand marks. Quite unceremoniously a red hand with dirty fingernails and eight rings was thrust in front of her, and caressed the flimsy garment. The hand belonged to a lady who emitted an 'Awfully lovely!' and looked like a cook in a London East End soup-kitchen.

'Please, wrap them all for me! Yes — all twelve!' And she extracted an envelope that bore the signs of much handling, and was filled with ten-thousand mark notes.

My pretty lady companion finally bought three of the less expensive pieces. She did it without any real desire — just to get rid of her money — of which, however, she ran short. I was given the permission to help her out with two thousand marks.

But after all she was quite satisfied with her purchase; somebody picked her pocket in the street car, and she did not notice it until she came home.

'Thank heavens,' she said, 'there were only eight hundred marks left in my purse. The thief will not get rich out of that!'

THE UNEXPECTED

BY Y. Y.

From the *New Statesman, September* 30
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

THERE is no use denying it. Life is extraordinarily interesting. Things go on happening, and they are quite often not the things we expected to happen. We can see clearly enough as far as the turn of the road, but beyond that we do not know what surprise may be in store for us. So long as this possibility of surprise remains, there is small chance that we may suffer from boredom. We love surprise for its own sake. We like either giving a surprise or getting one.

One of the sentences that have lingered in my memory since childhood is a sentence from a nigger minstrel sketch called *The Surprise Party*, to which I was taken in a country village, and I fancy I treasure it because it is more crowded with surprise than any other sentence in English literature. It runs: 'But the surprise of the party that the surprise party surprised was nothing to the surprise of the surprise party that surprised them.' I have forgotten many sentences wiser and more beautiful than this, but I cannot grudge a corner of my memory to a sentence so redundant with the element that keeps life interesting.

Even a Sunday morning at the seaside holds possibilities of surprise. I went down to spend the week-end with some friends at a boarding-house kept by some charming people at Worthing. On Sunday morning I heard a noise of shooting, but, as I knew there was a war going on somewhere or other in the Near East, I did not pay any particular attention to it. On leaving my room, however, I found the landlady's daughter hurrying up the stairs. 'Oh, did you hear that shot?' she cried, breathless

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with agitation. I said that I did. 'It shot Mrs. ——,' she said, naming the landlady, and trembling in hand and voice.

I can assure you that to hear that your landlady has just been shot on a quiet Sunday morning is as surprising a thing as you could wish to happen to you. You ask, 'Where? How? Who did it? Have you sent for a doctor?' And you are a-quiver with excitement till you hear that, after all, the landlady is not dangerously wounded. The shot had come from nowhere, and had caught her in the back of the neck where she was washing potatoes beside an open window. It had drawn blood and raised a swelling; but even now she had so far recovered that, if you listened acutely, you could hear the swish of the water where she was back at work among the potatoes again. That was the second surprise — and a happy one. But then, the Sunday dinner has to be prepared, no matter who shoots whom.

After a time the villain who fired the shot was discovered. He was out ratting with a gun on an allotment on the other side of the garden wall. One rat, in its effort to escape, had got up on the top of the wall and was running along it, when the man fired, missed the rat, and hit a very estimable lady instead. This, we may take it, caused a treble surprise. It surprised the man, it surprised the rat, it surprised the lady.

Later in the day, when the landlord was describing the incident, telling how his wife was standing at the scullery window when the shot struck her, he added gravely, 'And if the window had n't been open at the time, it would have been broken.' That, too, was a saying that charmed by its unexpectedness. Luckily, in real life, people very seldom say the inevitable thing. You never know what people will say. That is what makes their conversation always worth listening to.

If you go to a strange town, however, even to Worthing, you will come on other unexpected things besides such, on the whole, melodramatic incidents as the shooting of landladies. Going out into the country on Saturday afternoon, for instance, I was surprised to find myself standing on a field-path and eagerly taking sides as a spectator in a football match between two teams of which I did not even know the names. One of the teams wore blue-and-white jerseys, the other wore chocolate-and-black; and, as I am in favor of almost anything blue except government reports, I felt waves of partisan energy passing from me into the blue-and-white players every time they made a rush toward the goal.

The centre-forward of the team, as I gathered, was called Jerry-Jack, — the name was somewhat unexpected, — and whenever the ball was kicked across within reach of his expert toes there were excited laughing shouts of 'Go on, Jerry-Jack!' in which I silently joined. At last, after rush upon rush, with players tumbling and jumping quickly to their feet again, Jerry-Jack sent the ball like a bomb past the goal-keeper, and by all the rules I ought to have been more enthusiastic for the blue-and-whites than ever.

What was my astonishment, however, to find that I was now filled with an aching desire to see the chocolate-and-blacks scoring a goal and making things equal again. My sympathies went out especially to one little chocolate-and-black man with a very red face and a sweat-soaked mop of very red hair, who always threw the ball in when it was kicked into touch (if that is the correct phrase). He worked so hard that it was a sin he should go unrewarded.

I had scarcely begun to sympathize with him when he leaped into the air with his head aimed at the ball at the

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same time as an enemy player, and fell back on the field like a dead man. He was surrounded and rubbed by players on both sides, but in spite of all their rubbing he seemed unconscious when at length they carried him over the touch-line and laid him on the grass among the spectators and went on with their game.

A football match, I suppose, is like a Sunday dinner: it must be gone on with, whatever happens. But I confess I felt aggrieved on behalf of the little red man, as I saw his wounded body lying neglected and forgotten on the grass while the blue-and-whites stormed more furiously than ever round the chocolate-and-black goal. After a few minutes he was, fortunately, able to sit up, and a minute or two later he was limping back to his place on the field, and hurrying his dancing mop of red up and down in search of the hottest forefront of the battle.

He was chasing after the ball near the blue-and-white lines when an enemy player charged into him in a way he obviously thought illegitimate. He left the match to look after itself, and rushed up to the player, with outstretched arm and finger wagging in fierce expostulation, his red face flaming. The referee, seeing the excitement, ran across, seized the player by the right hand, seized the little red man by his, fitted the two right hands together, and, surrounding them with his own, shook them warmly. Smiling and nodding, as much as to say that that was all right, he skipped off again to his work with his whistle. The little red man hesitated. Then he too, though he did not go so far as to smile, nodded till his mop jumped, and ran off with his enemy toward the thick of the play.

O holy spirit of sport, thou that dost lay the evil passions of men and teach them to behave according to the rules even amid the tumult and the shouting of the football field! Without thee there could be no civilization, but only a long contention without law, without honor, without obedience! It is a strange fact that, accustomed though we are to what is called sportsmanlike behavior, each new instance of it delights us as though it were something that surpassed expectation. It is, no doubt, absurd; but to see such an incident as the little red man shaking hands in reluctant but unquestioning obedience to the referee increases one's confidence in the white race's future.

Even the accidents and incidents of the football field, however, do not bring the surprises of Worthing to an end. You have only to dip into a local guidebook to come on plenty of others. You will find, for instance, that a little way back from the sea is a village with a church and cottage associated with Thomas à Becket. Now, I am not particularly interested in Thomas à Becket, but it gives me the surprise of the unexpected to discover that he lived near Worthing.

Local associations always produce a thrill in many of us, even if they are associations with people who are scarcely more than a name in a schoolbook to us. We begin, indeed, almost to like any famous man who has lived in a town or village in which we happen to be spending an idle day. He belongs henceforth to the circle of our associations, if not to the circle of our friends. I shall always like Tom Paine better because he once lived in Lewes and because I once read the medallion saying so in the wall of a house, when I was wandering about the streets with nothing to do but wait for a train. I shall always like Sir John Suckling better because he was once Member of Parliament for Bramber.

And now I suppose I shall always like Thomas à Becket better because he once lived near Worthing, where I

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myself have in all my life spent only one brief week-end. And indeed, if you read the guidebook, you will discover some surprisingly interesting things about him. You will discover that he was connected with the Abbey of Fécamp in Normandy, and that, probably or possibly, he was the first man to introduce his favorite flower, the lily of the valley, from France into England. You will also discover in the guidebook, as further evidence of the ancient connection between the hinterland of Worthing and the Abbey of Fécamp, that there is a little Continental bird that migrates every year to this part of England alone in order to eat the figs in Thomas à Becket's garden. It is called the beccafico, or fig-eater.

I confess this discovery gave me almost as great a surprise as the shooting of the landlady. It is a delightful notion that a little foreign bird should cross the sea every year for hundreds of years and select the figs in one tiny neighborhood as though they were the best of all possible figs. Were there not figs at Steyning? How I should have made any little foreign bird welcome to the plumpest of them! Why, this hereditary taste for the Archbishop's figs is little short of a miracle. 'It can't be true,' I said, as I read it, hoping that it was.

On returning to London, I took down from the shelves an entirely cold-blooded work, *The Handbook of British Birds*, and turned up 'Fig-eater' in the index. The index, alas! referred me to 'Garden Warbler,' and under 'Garden Warbler' I read: —

> This is the *pettychaps*, *beccafico*, or *fig-eater* of Willoughby and Ray (*Orn.*, pp. 216, 227). Jesse was assured by a resident at Worthing 'that the *beccafico* annually visits the fig-orchard near that place,' and he supposed (erroneously) that it was found in no other part of England. . . . ('Gleanings,' iii., p. 78.)

That, I am afraid, is law-court evidence, and, when a man is able to quote things in parentheses, the finest story in the world vanishes — for me, at least — into thin air. Luckily the birds of real life are so differently distributed in different places that their appearance always produces as delightful a surprise as any story of the birds of the imagination. And so a London dweller, walking along by the sea at Worthing, will be charmed by the wheatear in the white skirt, that flies away in a semicircle over the rust-colored shingle and hides in the tamarisk, its tail jerking nervously. The little ringed plovers, too, come when the tide is out and run over the wet sand with the speed of insects. As they fly off in a cloud with a silver lining at one's approach, they utter that mournful, appealing whistle that is like a cry of small, frightened bird-ghosts, and that makes even the sands of a watering-place seem desolate as the shores of an uninhabited island.

And then there are the sandpipers, marching from side to side, with their long, prying bills, and devouring the helpless inhabitants of the sands that sometimes dance around their feet and set the sandpipers dancing round after them. They are unexpectedly tame little birds that do not run away from a human being more than is necessary. Indeed, they are too busy looking for things to eat to notice a human being.

Thus life, as we have agreed, is full of surprises. And I shall have another surprise if some ornithologist does not tell me that the bird I saw was not a sandpiper at all, but a dunlin. If he does, I shall be surprised that a dunlin's bill should be so much longer than it is in the pictures in the bird-books. It is clear, in any case, that the unexpected may happen at Worthing as anywhere else. It is a good argument in favor of going away for the week-end.

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A-HUNTING IN THE CONGO

BY HIXE

From *L'Indépendance Belge, October 5,* 10
(Liberal Progressive Daily)

My exploits as a hunter would make Tartarin de Tarascon turn green with envy — if I only told them all. I am tempted to do it, too, and take that boaster down a peg. If I restrain myself and forego the pleasure of making the expert Nimrods of our European rabbit-warrens sit up and take notice it is not because I am less of a hunter than my rival of Tarascon. It is only because I have n't the right accent.

I sailed from Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo to Lake Leopold II, on a river steamer, and went on from the Lake to Kwamouth, where I was to catch a small stern-wheel steamer, the Deliverance III. But as we came in sight of Kwamouth, at the very moment when our negro deck-hands were plunging overboard with our mooring tackle, the Deliverance III, with all her fires up, cast off her moorings and began to smite the river with her paddle wheels, saluting — ere she disappeared from before our astonished eyes — with three insolent blasts of her whistle.

That is how I came to wait at Kwamouth. And whenever I was not pitying those poor Ugolinos back in the Lake Leopold II district, who would be compelled by the delay of their supply steamer to take several reefs in their official belts, I sought some way of killing time and of cooling my impatience. Of course I turned to the sport of kings: I wanted to go hunting.

There was no lack of game, and I was not likely to have any difficulty in venting my irritation upon some poor hydrosaurian or artiodactylous pachyderm. Don't be frightened, reader. The names are much more dreadful than the unfortunate animals that are afflicted with them. Zoölogists apply this horrifying array of syllables to the commonplace, clumsy crocodile and to the heavy hippopotamus, the horse of the tropical rivers — no less vegetarian in his habits (and a good deal less unruly) than the pure-bred products of your own stud-farms.

In this country there is no cold weather to rid you of the Orthoptera, Hemiptera, Coleoptera, and Neuroptera — in short, all those dirty little beasts with names ending in *-optera*, which swarm all the year round, together with horrible spiders and scorpions with venomous bites — walking and flying creatures that all unite in an attack on the pitiful great beast — man — who has intruded into their domain. The old-timers told me I paid so much attention to the bites of these little creatures that it was easy to see I was not yet acclimated. I would get used to them and never feel them at all after a little while.

As a weapon against them, I had a huge buffalo-tail with stiff reddish hairs. The scene of the chase was everywhere in my quarters. I whacked away without a moment's pause, and presently the room was a scene of carnage, strewn with a débris of wings, antennæ, thoraxes, abdomens, and legs — a spectacle at which my hosts merely smiled. They despised such activities, and were content merely to scratch vigorously at any portion of

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their bodies that was not, for the moment, being bitten. Experience had freed them from all those ideas that you glean in Europe, where they cram the mind of the departing traveler with warnings against man-eating tropical insects that bite and suck and sting, inoculating you either with venom or disease germs. Happily I soon saw that not every bite is necessarily followed by disaster, and I was eager to be up and after more ambitious game to which — though no more to be feared than the insects — the lecturers had given a terrific reputation.

But custom is destructive of enthusiasm. It took a vast deal of persuasive eloquence to induce the hardened colonials of Kwamouth to accompany, or rather, to guide me in the expeditions on which, with a newcomer's enthusiasm, I proposed to embark alone.

In the middle of a backwater of the Kassaï River there emerges at this season a sandbank, which is the most select rendezvous for all the winged tribe of Kwamouth, as well as the favorite sleeping-porch of the crocodiles of the vicinity. Here they indulge in a reptilian dolce far niente at those hours of the day when the sun's warm rays induce us humans to indulge in siestas beneath the shady framework of some big veranda. These were the hours that we must turn to good advantage if we wanted to be sure of slaying some of the terrible carnivores that lay there with appalling maws wide open, offering good hunting to the beautiful little humming birds, which pilfered the parasites abounding in them. The interior of a crocodile's mouth is generally carpeted with insects, sucking his blood. Whenever the crocodile comes out of the water to lie down, the trochilus, a kind of humming bird, slips in between his open jaws and reaps a harvest of the insects, to the relief of the saurian, who never does the bird any harm, crocodiles, unlike human beings, being grateful beasts without exception.

We traveled in perfect silence, scarcely disturbed even by the lapping of the water against the steel sides of our boat. Everyone's efforts were directed mainly to avoiding any unusual sound. We dared not disturb the sleep of our game, for in spite of the hideous appearance of these ferocious-looking monsters, they are very shy. Once their nap is disturbed, they do not pause to spot the danger, but plunge at once into the stream, without waiting for our shots.

As we approached cautiously, we found four crocodiles, of respectable size, basking in idleness and making four dark patches against the glowing bed of topaz into which the glow of the noonday sun transformed the sand grains of the bar. On the same sandbank, but at a respectful distance from the sluggish reptiles, was a veritable host of fussy little birds and placid waders.

We brought our whaleboat around, broadside on, within easy range among the tall grasses on the bank. My fellow hunters gave me the honor of opening fire first. Shamelessly accepting the privilege, I blazed away at a crocodile that I thought must be the patriarch of the four. I contrived to wake up all the crocodiles, to wound an unlucky bird, and to cause the impressive but disappointing spectacle of four monsters, infinite in length, unobtrusively retiring beneath the inky waters of the river. Thus they escaped the fire of the other hunters, who were more skillful and clever than I.

A few minutes after the last shot the negroes, who have very keen eyes, pointed out three muzzles close to the surface. We turned our glasses hastily in the direction indicated and then, without too careful aim, let drive again,

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Pif! Paf! Pif! Three spurts of water about two hundred metres distant, and then, as if in defiance, a few light and fleeting ripples. After that — nothing.

We went back with our bags empty — absolutely without a thing — since in Africa we lacked the resources employed by certain European huntsmen of my acquaintance, who save their faces by a visit either to some notorious poacher or else to the back door of a game-seller. Out of luck! — But never mind. We had been brave enough to assault four terrible crocodiles from in front.

Hippo hunting is a terrifying sport only in novels of adventure or in lecture-halls where the lecturer is perfectly sure that no member of his too indulgent audience has ever seen these weighty pachyderms outside the glass cases of a museum or the iron bars of a zoölogical garden.

One morning our native workmen — gluttons for hippopotamus meat every one of them — bade us come instantly to see the enormous excavations that had been made in the soil by the two-nailed feet of a fantastic cavalry. There could be no mistake; these were the tracks of hippos. Emerging from the river during the night, they had evidently come to crop the grains and grasses on the bank, and then at dawn, satisfied with the havoc wrought, they had gone back into the water, eager only for quiet digestion of their gorge.

The sentry came too, complaining with sweeping gestures and loud exclamations because he had n't had any cartridges to knock over the hippopotamuses which, he said, had passed within a few paces of my door. (Oh, don't be alarmed, dear reader! The people who baptize the animals have styled the hippopotamus a river-horse, but he lacks the horse's inclination for jumping over obstacles; and my door, which opened on the veranda, was a whole metre above the level of the soil.)

From a telegraph station located about a day's march from Kwamouth, we soon learned that a band of hippos were spending every night within a few fathoms of the line. Our 'boys,' the soldiers, the workmen, their wives, the chief of the neighboring village and all his head men, came in as soon as the news had spread, and they all assured us over and over that here was the very best kind of hunting for us. The negroes were already rapturously licking their chops at the thought of the hippopotamus-eating orgies that our Mauser rifles might procure for them.

Finally we made up our minds. After the most substantial supper we could get, and after consuming quinine in seventy-three-centigramme doses as a malaria-preventive, we started off along the bank one night, armed to the teeth. Fifteen paddlers were waiting for us in a whaleboat, and the 'boys,' foreseeing a night out of doors, had provided easy chairs, greatcoats, helmets, and blankets. There were four white men, in all.

Everything was ready. We gave the signal to push off. Soon we were in the middle of the stream. The faint clear light of the moon helped us, and the banks were illumined here and there by will-o-the-wisps, produced by swarms of glowworms, diamond-like in their flight, which the negroes — who make up by their symbolism for their scientific shortcomings — call 'earth stars.'

It seems to me that the blacks have a kind of pride that gives them an instant stimulus whenever a stranger to their tribe or to their race appears among them. One of us suggested to the captain of the paddlers — rather as a challenge — that we should like to reach the telegraph station within two hours of leaving Kwamouth; that is, at

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leven o'clock. The captain said something to the paddlers in their language, ook his place in the bow, and quickly egan to set a cadence for the men, apping with his heel against the taunch thwart of the little steel boat. As soon as he saw that they had caught he rhythm, he took a paddle himself, urned downstream, and struck up a ative song. He seemed to be putting a uestion to his tribal brothers, who nswered him at each stroke of the addle, and added to their performnce a skill, speed, and force, that were mazing.

The paddles leaped in their hands; hey strained them to the breaking-point in their clenched fists; they loosened their grasp to seize the handles again with dizzying speed, and to whip the foaming water furiously and at a cadence swifter still. Their muscles swelled and stood out as if they would break. Their eyes would soon be bloodshot at this rate, and yet constantly they shattered the evening stillness with their strident yells and raucous shouts, until they drowned out the sound of the waves beating against our little craft. Sometimes they sang strange, ululating, monotonous psalmodies; sometimes their song became melodious — brutal and plaintive at the same time; and then suddenly it would become maddening, vertiginous, until it ended in a shout of savage fury at the sight of the post where we were to land. The telegrapher, forewarned of our coming, had lighted up the wharf with brush fires.

Scarcely had we landed, however, when we were engaged in violent and exasperating combat with clouds of mosquitoes, which as though drawn by overwhelming affection whirled round us in a frenzied flight, landing on the least bit of exposed flesh, and gorging on our blood. Would-be hunters, we had become the game! They came so suddenly that you might have thought some insect huntsmen had set up a joyous *hallali!* at sight of us, to warn their kinsmen that the game was stirring, the trail was fresh, and we should furnish the repast. Fortunately we had been warned before leaving Kwamouth that on account of the near-by marshes, this post was especially infested with the abominable *Anopheles*.

At that time I supposed I had taken every precaution against their attacks — heavy leather boots, felt puttees, waterproof rain-coat, cuffs fastened tight around the wrist and buttoned, collar turned up, and a neckcloth twisted round my head under my hat so that nothing was exposed except the organs necessary for hearing, seeing, and smelling; but I soon found that the insects — which were cleverer than they need have been — made straight for my face, attracted, no doubt, by the fiery gleam in my eye and the agonized panting of my breath. Ah, what El Dorados, what havens of delight I provided for those greedy creatures!

We were soon at a distance from the bank, plunging through an immense brushy plain, with the black men hacking a way for us. I kept close to the black leader of my file, for I had no difficulty in picturing the plight of a white novice lost in the densely interwoven masses of tall grass, which in some places were several feet above my head. I could not see half a metre ahead and, plunged in a sea of waving grass, I began to feel that if some one did not throw me a life line, I should drown. I had an instant of genuine delight when finally I asked my hunting companions, African veterans, every one — asked in a low tone, of course, for I had been warned that from now on I must do everything, say everything, and even think everything in the deepest silence! — how soon we should

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arrive at the telegraph line that we were to follow.

'Over there. Look! Don't you see the posts and the wires?'

I had to break down or push aside the enormous reeds and almost stare the eyes out of my head before I made out the wires and the posts. As for the trail itself, I was getting ready to admit its existence, for the sake of politeness, when the negro tracker who was at our head stopped abruptly, and sent back a signal, from man to man, to get down and keep down, because he had struck the trail of the hippopotamus.

The black men read the soil as easily as print, and in the hours that followed I had a thousand opportunities to admire their skill in following the trail, especially that of our soldiers. No break in the branches, no mark in the earth, no trace or twist in the grass, no rustling in the leaves — nothing escapes them when they are following the trail of game or are in pursuit of an enemy. Not accustomed, as we are, to rely on guide posts at every crossroad, and maps drawn to every scale, or on a hundred topographical and astronomical instruments, they put their faculties constantly to the severest tests and, being hunters by instinct, become extraordinarily skilled in following a trail. They observe, interpret, and read with certainty the slightest mark, and amid the tangled brush can distinguish the height, and sometimes even the sex, of their quarry.

When in my turn I drew near the place where the beast that we were seeking must have passed, I saw the tangled grasses so beaten down that if it had been left to me, I would have admitted the existence of a trail in a minute. The huge bulk of a hippopotamus had passed clumsily this way, smashing and beating down the heavy, tangled undergrowth that we kings of creation were barely able to get through.

Crouching motionless on the ground we waited and listened. There amid the dim shadows, filled with mystery, touched with the moon and gleaming stars of the tropic night, amid the sombre, monotonous rippling of the great river, the strident calls of the katydids, and the bellowing — as lugubrious a sound as sobs — of some solitary buffalo wandering in the plain, we sought eagerly to recognize the hoarse call of the hippopotamus, stuffed with food and wallowing contentedly amid the marshes where we had lost the trail.

'*Pamba!* — Nothing!'

A soldier who had ventured out along the trail came back to us, murmuring in a disgusted tone, *Pamba!* As we moved along the trail, panting at the least unexpected sound, we were halted again and again by the negro scouts. Lots of tracks, but no more hippopotamuses than you usually find on the asphalt streets of a city. But swamps! Oh, yes, plenty of swamps!

We were soaked with slime to our waists, until we became objects disgusting to behold. My feet were dripping in my box calf shoes (guaranteed waterproof by the makers). But these were unimportant details. We laughed at them — laughed as quietly as we could. The pockets of my waterproof coat were appalling reservoirs of muddy water, which from time to time got full enough to spill over. In a low tone I offered my companions something to drink. I even proposed a toast: 'Here's to the peace and quiet of all hippo-chasers!'

Suddenly, at the edge of a thicket of reeds, which were as high as poles, we came to the bank of a little tributary. In Europe a stream is a rather serious obstacle to the hunter who, with his game bag on his thigh and his hammerless slung over his shoulder, goes out in quest of furred or feathered game. Here hunters, oarsmen, trailers, and

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every one in the expedition hunted for a ford, and threw themselves resolutely into the water, with their arms stretched above their heads, holding watches, compasses, powder, and cartridges. My 'boy' was already on the opposite bank, shaking himself like a dog, when one black athlete, seeing that I was new to the game and did n't like it, obligingly knelt to offer me his broad and robust shoulders by way of transport. A last glimmer of pride made me hesitate for a moment, and then I climbed rather shamefacedly on his shoulders. *Dame!* After all, it was my first ford.

The sturdy black strode bravely into the water with me on his back, but scarcely had he taken a few rather hesitating steps when he got into a bad quicksand. With a swift pressure of my two hands on his big kinky head I made him understand that he should bend over, so that I could go over his head — leap-frog fashion — and relieve him of my seventy kilogrammes, which were beginning to weigh him down perilously.

Splash! I was in the water up to my chin, and the current caught me, dragged me down, whirled me along; but I contrived to struggle back to my feet. I assure you, we were all laughing as merrily as if we had been in a box at the vaudeville, submerged beneath a flood of gross puns and amusing jokes. I managed to get near the bank without too much difficulty. My 'boy' placidly held out a rifle for my support, and I climbed out of the inky waters, a dismal object, odorous as a drain-man, but proud as Artaban.

It was four o'clock in the morning — time to think about getting back. We agreed to give up the idea of returning in the whaleboat, for the current was too swift for our weary paddlers to reach Kwamouth, and we decided to go on foot along the buffalo path. After some exclamations — in which the note of enthusiasm that had marked our departure the evening before was noticeably lacking — we started off in single file, following the telegraph poles along the path, which was vaguely marked amid underbrush, dripping with the morning dew.

As a result of our expedition we could set down in our diaries: 'Hesitant and sheepish return to the post at Kwamouth at half past eight in the morning. Lively demonstrations by our famished stomachs. General drooping. Moisture and mud from the swamp, dampness from the dew, thorough soaking from the river. First symptoms of fever.' And we swore, a little tardily, that we would never be caught on a hippo hunt again — at least not unless we had better prospects.

For my part, I consoled myself with the sage observations that were enunciated in 1380 by Gaston Phoebus, Comte de Foix: 'Hunting serves to drive off our sins. A good hunter has relief, joy, and happiness in this world, and Paradise in the next.'

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ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND

BY PAUL DOTTIN

From *La Mercure de France, November* 15
(Clerical Conservative Bimonthly)

Ever since *Robinson Crusoe* was first published, in 1719, English critics have endeavored to identify the island immortalized by the genius of Defoe. According to some, Robinson was cast by the storm upon the little island of Juan Fernandez, lying in the Pacific, lost and lonely, off the Chilean coast. But such an idea betrays the scantiest acquaintance with the novel, in which Robinson sets out from Brazil upon a voyage to Africa, — where he purposes to buy slaves, — in the course of which he is shipwrecked. Undoubtedly there was a man who lived four years in solitude upon the island of Juan Fernandez, but this was a real person, the Scotch sailor, Alexander Selkirk, whose adventures may very likely have provided Defoe with the idea for his principal episode.

Other critics, with more show of probability, have chosen the little island of Tobago, in the Antilles; and they assert that the coast opposite — which, on a clear day Robinson could see stretching along the horizon — was the coast of the island of Trinidad. Geographers like Vivien de Saint-Martin and Elisée Reclus have lent their names to the support of this theory.

In the London *Times* of February 2, 1901, the Warden of Tobago, justly proud of the honor done his island, set forth what arguments he could to prove, in the sceptics' teeth, the veracity of this rather hasty identification. 'This is the island which Daniel Defoe immortalized,' he wrote. 'Robinson Crusoe's cave is still there — I was in it the other day — the goats have increased and multiplied exceedingly, and Friday's footprint may be seen any day on the sand.' To make things complete we may add that the skeleton of the old goat that the famous hermit buried was sent to the Chicago Exposition of 1893 where credulous visitors gaped at it.

A few years ago two English critics Mr. Hyatt Verrill and Mr. Clifford Howard, summed up in a number of magazine articles the chief theories that have been formulated on the geographic position of Robinson Crusoe's island and — impressed, no doubt, by the material evidence just referred to — gave an unhesitating verdict in favor of Tobago.

Now I suspect that the Warden of Tobago is a sly humorist as well as a clever propagandist; he is exerting himself with extraordinary skill to attract to his island shores hosts of rich American tourists. For — it seems scarcely worth repeating — Robinson Crusoe sprang, fully armed, with his parrot on his shoulder and his umbrella in his hand, from the prolific brain of Daniel Defoe. He no more trod the pathways of this mundane world than did his faithful Friday. How could these imaginary creatures have lived in a real cave, buried a real goat, and left such deep footprints on the sands across which they wandered, that after more than two centuries the wind and the rain have not been able to wipe them out entirely? It is a mystery, the solution of which I give up.

Amid the recesses of the world to

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come, the shade of Daniel Defoe must be considering these theories with malicious pleasure. While he was alive, the famous writer often hookwinked his readers by persuading them of the authenticity of false memoirs that really sprang from his own imagination; but he would never have dared cherish the mad hope of convincing twentieth-century critics that Robinson and his Man Friday were both real creatures.

If one wishes to pick out on the map with certainty the island where Robinson Crusoe spent twenty-eight years, two months, and nineteen days, it is enough to read attentively the first two parts of the novel, the mere title of which is significant: *The life and most Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner, who Lived Twenty-eight Years in an Uninhabited Island on the Continent of America, lying near the Mouth of the Great River, Oronooko: having been Cast on Shore by Shipwreck wherein All the men were drowned but himself: as also A Relation how he was wonderfully delivered by Pyrates.* But in September 1659 the island of Tobago was not 'uninhabited,' for Dutch colonists had settled there twenty years before. Moreover, it is nowhere near the mouth of the Orinoco.

To all this the reply may be made that Defoe was ill-informed, and that he used a novelist's privilege in taking liberties with geographical accuracy. But to the first editions of the Second Part of *Robinson Crusoe* he added a large map of the world, on which he traced the routes followed by his hero in his numerous voyages; and a cursory examination of this map is enough to show that the famous island is really situated at the mouth of the Orinoco, well to the south of the Antilles — indeed, large print directs the reader's attention to that fact. There cannot, therefore, be the least doubt about it: the island is off the Venezuela coast, where the waters of the great tropical river begin to lose themselves in the Atlantic.

What were the considerations that induced Defoe to select this site for Robinson Crusoe's island? The origin of the novel will explain this to us. When in October 1711 the sailor, Selkirk — brought back to England by Captain Woodes Rogers — disembarked at Bristol, he quickly became famous. The story of his being cast away on the island of Juan Fernandez, the vicissitudes of his solitary life, and the wildness of his bearing were long the theme of conversation. Like every one else, Defoe was interested in the rough Scotch mariner. Perhaps stirred by his journalistic instinct, he even thought of publishing the strange and surprising adventures of Alexander Selkirk. But his time was occupied with political intrigue; he was in the pay of the minister, Harley, who was in constant need of his services. Meantime Richard Steele, who was editing newspapers hostile to the Government, went down to Bristol, made Selkirk's acquaintance and wrote out a summary of his interview which appeared in the twenty-sixth number of the *Englishman.* As Captain Woodes Rogers, in his account of his own voyages, had also told Selkirk's story, Defoe could not very well repeat a narrative that everyone had already perused, without being accused of plagiarism; and so he must have given up the idea, for the moment at least.

In 1719, however, when he was growing old, with no resources save the meagre profits from the sale of his books, Defoe found himself, one day, short of money. The life of Selkirk came back to his mind. He thought what a superb work he could make out of such a subject, and he determined to write about a solitary man, abandoned upon a desert island, contriving, by

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means of his own energy and perseverance, to vanquish hostile Nature and to overcome, with the aid of Providence, the difficulties that followed his ill fortune. In order to give his readers the impression that he was doing something new, it was necessary to create an imaginary hero — Robinson Crusoe. In order, moreover, to prevent ill-disposed critics from complaining that Robinson Crusoe was only a new name for Selkirk, the island where the hero was shipwrecked had to be far away from Juan Fernandez. Defoe set to work without delay. He cast about the world for an island that had never been either named or explored by any navigator.

We know that Defoe had elaborate maps of the whole South American coast, including the mouth of the Amazon and the Isthmus of Panama. In the last years of the reign of William III he had worked out a detailed plan of attack upon the Spanish colonies and had especially urged the conquest of Guiana. These carefully prepared proposals had been submitted to the king, who adopted them but died before he could put them into execution. By a curious coincidence, a few months after the publication of *Robinson Crusoe*, Defoe wrote a little book of fifty pages to remind his countrymen that Sir Walter Raleigh had once proposed a voyage to explore Guiana and to find out the boundaries of the Orinoco delta. Defoe, with his usual boldness, urged the South Sea Company to exploit the rich gold mines of Guiana and offered them his maps, showing exactly the nature of the coasts, the varying depths of the sea, and the navigable rivers in that region, together with the Orinoco Basin.

The maps that Defoe offered have never been recovered, but no doubt they were supplemented with sundry manuscript notes that would give us still further information. We can, at least, consult an atlas dating from the beginning of the eighteenth century, and we shall be instantly impressed by the exaggerated size that the geographers of the time assigned to the mouth of the Orinoco. Lost amid the waters of that huge estuary and distant from each other are some oblong islands, which catch the reader's eye, even though he may search in vain for their names. The progress of geographic science has shown that an archipelago does, indeed, exist at the mouth of the mouth of the great river, but that it lies well up in the estuary and consists of low islands, covered with reeds and grasses.

Defoe, who had to rely on such maps as were available — he could not undertake a voyage to America for the sake of mere exactness — fancied that these islands would serve his turn as well as any others. They were marked on all the maps, where sceptical readers could find them easily; they had not yet been named; they were uninhabited; only their rough outlines were known. In short, they fulfilled all the necessary conditions. On one of these desert islands, therefore, at the mouth of the great Orinoco River, he unceremoniously pitched poor Robinson Crusoe.

All the details that the novel gives us agree with this identification. In the First Part we learn that the island is surrounded by dangerous currents — which is true. The coast that Robinson can see in outline on the horizon is that of another island in the archipelago. Finally, the cannibals, who from time to time disturb Robinson's peaceful solitude with their barbarous feasts, always make their voyages in light canoes, which shows that the mainland is not very far distant. This in itself is enough to destroy the governor of Tobago's ingenious hypothesis.

In the Second Part of the novel, with

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which many of the English critics do not seem to be acquainted, the information supplied by Defoe is more abundant and more precise. Returning to his native land after a thousand journeyings, Robinson speedily becomes homesick for his island. He embarks on a merchantman commanded by his nephew and sails for the cape on the right bank of the estuary of the Orinoco. Without ever losing sight of the banks of the estuary, he visits, one by one, the islands that we have previously mentioned. On one of them he finds Spaniards, 'come from the island of Trinidad, that lies farther to the north,' to hunt for pearl oysters. Only after wandering through the archipelago does Robinson find again the lost island that had been his veritable earthly Paradise.

Who is better able to identify Robinson's island than Defoe himself? How could any one seriously set forth the theories outlined at the beginning of this article? That is the one thing really hard to explain, for a reading of *Robinson Crusoe*, no matter how superficial, is enough to show that Defoe never thought of Tobago — which is situated to the north, not to the south of the island of Trinidad — for a moment, and still less of Juan Fernandez, which lies off the other coast of South America.

His choice of an unknown island offered the novelist genuine advantages. Defoe could give free rein to his imagination. He could set down a hill, a forest, or a river, where he thought it would do the most good, and none of his contemporaries could accuse him of fraud. Defoe had had a good deal to do with South American voyagers, and he gave Robinson Crusoe's island a suitably tropical climate without making any mistakes. The luxuriance of the vegetation, the presence of wild tobacco, of aloes, of sugar cane, and numerous fruit trees, are equally accurate. When Defoe was writing a novel he was mainly concerned with finishing, as soon as possible, the number of pages ordered by the publisher, so that he might turn to other, better paid work. For lack of leisure he did not seriously read up on the far-off countries that he described in his study. He had enough to do, to collect his own memories in his feverish haste. Always haunted by the story of Selkirk, which very likely he may just have re-read, he peopled Crusoe's island with a fauna like that of Juan Fernandez. Crusoe finds tortoises and goats everywhere, which is possible enough; but, on the other hand, he is surprised to find penguins. We are even more surprised than he, for we hardly expect penguins on an island lying to the north of the equator! In transporting these creatures from Juan Fernandez to the mouth of the Orinoco, Defoe was guilty of several blunders which, fortunately for him, passed unobserved by his contemporaries.

Are there many readers, even among us moderns, who have really exerted themselves to imagine the exact location of Robinson Crusoe's island? In the beginning of the eighteenth century the public was interested in his adventures because it thought they were true. It would never have permitted a writer to entertain it with adventures that had no basis in reality. To-day, on the other hand, the novel is a literary form recognized by every one, and novelists are privileged to describe lands they have never visited and to bring on the scene persons who never existed.

What real significance have the geographical location of the island and the zoölogical propriety of its fauna? We know that Robinson Crusoe lives beneath a smiling sky, lulled by the murmur of the limitless ocean, which forms

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the wall of his prison. That is enough. We imagine the famous island in the same naif fashion as the artist who in the frontispiece of the Third Part represents simultaneously all the principal episodes of the story — here the cannibals squatting about a kettle where human limbs are cooking; there other savages in a frantic dance; in a corner, Robinson saving Friday from his ferocious captors; in another corner, Robinson, armed to the teeth, majestically receiving the captain of the ship that is to take him back to his home; and finally, in the very centre, a palisade with thick forest flourishing all around it, and on this throne a huge parrot, from whose beak come the words, 'Alas, poor Robinson Crusoe!' For most readers, Robinson Crusoe's island is any island near the equator where the thrilling incidents of the novel took place several centuries ago. Whether it can be identified with a real island or not, it will always belong to the realm of imagination.

The famous island is everywhere round about us. The child who reads Daniel Defoe's immortal book substitutes himself for Robinson; for him the island is the room or the garden where he sits; and separating himself in thought from the world about him, he lives again the adventurous life of the hero of his dreams. When, in later life, he wearies of the society of men, he will find again within his own soul that isle of rest and solitude where, far from cares and troubles, he can experience once more a perfect calm and gaze serenely at huge empty horizons — until the day when Man Friday's footprint on the sands will bring the truth roughly home to him that even on that distant island no man can live wholly alone.

THE DEVIL IN THE CHURCHYARD

BY A. E. COPPARD

[*Mr. A. E. Coppard is a young English writer who is rapidly making a place for himself. His book* Adam and Eve and Pinch Me *was one of those selected by the Golden Cockerell Press when that experiment in noncommercial publishing was launched.*]

From the *Saturday Review, August* 26
(ENGLISH TORY WEEKLY)

'HENRY TURLEY was one of those awkward old chaps as had more money than he knowed what to do wi'. Shadrach we called him, the silly man. He had worked for it, worked hard for it, but when he was old he stuck to his fortune and would n't spend a sixpence of it on his comforts. What a silly man!'

The thatcher, who was thus talking of Henry Turley (long since dead and gone) in the 'Black Cat' of Starncombe, was himself perhaps fifty years old. Already there was a crank of age or of dampness or of mere custom in most of his limbs, but he was bluff and gruff and hale enough, with a bluffness of manner that could only offend a fool — and fools never listened to him.

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'Shadrach — that's what we called him — was a good man wi' cattle, a masterpiece; he would strip a cow as clean as a tooth and you never knowed a cow have a bad quarter as Henry Turley ever milked. And when he was buried he was buried with all that money in his coffin.

'He had plenty of relations — you would n't know 'em, it is thirty years ago I be speaking of — but it was all down in black and white so's no one could touch it. A lot of people in these parts had a right to some of it — Jim Scarrott for one, and Issy Hawker a bit, Mrs. Keelson, poor woman, ought to have had a bit, and his own brother, Mark Turley — but he left it in the will as all his fortune was to be buried in the coffin along of him. 'Twas cruel, but so it is and so it will be, for whenever such people has a shilling to give away they goes and claps it on some fat pig's haunches. The foolishness! Sixty pounds it was, in a canister, and he held it in his hand.'

'I don't believe a word of it,' said a mild-faced man sitting in the corner. 'Henry Turley never did it.'

'What?' growled the thatcher.

'Coorse I 'm not disputing what you 're saying, but he never did such a thing in his life.'

'Then you calls me a liar?'

'Certainly not. Oh, no, don't misunderstand me, but Henry Turley never did any such thing.'

'Huh! I be telling you facts and facts be true one way or another. Now you waunts to call over me, you waunts to know the rights of everything and the wrongs of nothing.'

'Well,' said the mild-faced man, pushing his pot toward the teller of tales, 'I might believe it to-morrow, but it's a bit of a twister now, this minute!'

'Ah, that's all right then,' — the thatcher was completely mollified. 'Well, the worst part of the case was his brother Mark. Shadrach served him shameful, treated him like a dog. (Good health!) Ah, like a dog. Mark was older nor him, about seventy, and he lived by himself in a little house out by the hanging pust, not much of a cottage, it war n't — just wattle and daub wi' a thatch o' straa' — but the lease was running out ('twas a lifehold affair) and unless he bought this little house for fifty pound he 'd got to go out of it. Well, old Mark had n't got no fifty pounds, he was ate up wi' rheumatics and only did just a little light labor in the woods; they might as well a' asked him for the King's crown; so he said to his master, would he lend him the fifty pounds.

'"No, I can't do that," his master says.

'"You can reduct it from my wages," Mark says.

'"Nor I can't do that neither," says his master, "but there 's your brother Henry, he 's worth a power o' money; ask him." So Mark asks Shadrach to lend him the fifty pounds, so 's he could buy this little house. "No," says Henry, "I can't." Nor he would n't. "Well," old Mark says to him, "I doan wish you no harm, Henry," he says, "but I hope as how you'll die in a ditch." (Good health!) And sure enough he did. That was his own brother, he were strooken wi' the sun and died in a ditch, Henry did, and when he was buried his fortune was buried with him, in a little canister, holding it in his hand, I reckon. And a lot of good that was to him!

'He had n't been buried a month when two bad parties putt their heads together. Levi Carter, one was — he was the sexton — a man that was half a loony as I always thought. Oh, yes, he had got all his wits about him, somewheres, only they did n't often get much of a quorum; still he got them —

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somewheres. T' other was a chap by the name of Impey, lived in Slack the shoemaker's house down by the old traveler's garden. He was n't much of a mucher, helped in the fieldwork and did shepherding at odd times. And these two chaps made up their minds to goo and collar Henry Turley's fortune out of his coffin one night and share it between theirselves. 'Twas crime, ye know, might a been prison for life, but this Impey was a bad lot — he 'd the manners of a pig, pooh! filthy! — and I expects he persuaded old Levi on to do it. Bad as body snatchen, coorse, 'twas!

'So they goos together one dark night, 'long in November it was, and well you knows, all of you, as well as I, that nobody can't ever see over our churchyard wall by day let alone on a dark night. You all knows that, don't you,' asserted the thatcher, who appeared to lay some stress upon this point in his narrative. There were murmurs of acquiescence by all except the mild-faced man, and the thatcher continued: —

''Twere about nine o'clock when they dug out the earth. 'Twar n't a very hard job, for Henry was only just a little way down. He was buried on top of his old woman and she was on top of her two daughters. But when they got down to the coffin Impey did n't much care for that part of the job, he felt a little bit sick, so he gives the hammer and the screwdriver to Levi and he says: "Levi," he says, "are you game to make a good job o' this?"

'"Yes, I be," says old Levi.

'"Well then," Impey says, "Yous 'll have my smock on now while I just creeps off to old Wannaker's sheep and collars one of they fat lambs over by the 'lotments."

'"You 're not going to leave me here," says Carter; "what be I to do?"

'"You go on and finish this 'ere job, Levi," he says; "you get the money and put back all the earth and don't stir out of the yard afore I comes or I 'll have yer blood."

'"No," says Carter, "You maunn do that."

'"I 'ull do that," Impey says; "he 've got some smartish lambs I can tell 'ee, fat as snails."

'"No," says Carter, "I waun't have no truck wi' that, taint right."

'"You will," says Impey, "and I 'ull get the sheep. Here's my smock. I 'll meet 'ee here again in ten minutes. I'll have that lamb if I 'as to cut his blasted head off." And he rooshed away before Levi could stop him. So Carter putts on the smock and finishes the job. He got the money and putt the earth back on poor Henry and tidied it up and then he went and sat in the church poorch waiting for this Impey to come back. Just as he did that an oldish man passed by the gate. He was coming to this very place for a drop o' drink and he sees old Levi's white figure sitting in the poorch and it frittened him so that he took to his heels and tore along to this very room we be sittin' in now — only 'twas thirty years ago.

'"What in the name of God's the matter wi' you?" they says to him, for he 'd a face like chalk and his lips was blue as a whetstone. "Have you seen a goost?"

'"Yes," he says, "I have seen a goost, just now then."

'"A goost," they says, "a goost! You ain't seen no goost."

'"I seen a goost."

'"Where a you seen a goost?"

'So he telled 'em he seen a goost sitting up in the church poorch.

'"I shan't have that," says old Mark Turley, for he was setting here.

'"I tell you 'twas then," says the man.

'"Can't be nothing worse 'n I be myself," Mark says.

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'"I say as 'tis," the man said and he was vexed too. "Goo see for yourself."

'"I would go, too and all," said old Mark, "if only I could walk it, but my rheumatucks be that scremations I can't walk it. Goosts! There's ne'er a mortal man as ever se'ed a goost. I'd go, my lad, if my legs 'ud stand it." And there was a lot of talk like that until a young sailor spoke up — Irish he was, his name was Pat Crowe, he was on furlough. I dunno what he was adoing in this part of the world, but there he was and he says to Mark: "If you be game enough, I be, and I'll carry you up to the churchyard on my back" — a great stropping feller he was. "You will?" says Mark. "That I will," he says. "Well I be game for 'ee," says Mark, and so they ups him on to the sailor's shoulders like a sack o' corn and away they goos, but not another one there was man enough to goo with them.

'They went slogging up to the churchyard gate all right, but when they got to staggering along 'tween the gravestones, Mark thought he could see a something white sitting in the poorch, but the sailor could n't see anything at all with him on his shoulders.

'"What's that there?" Mark whispers in Pat's ear. And Pat Crowe whispers back, just for joking: "Old Nick in his nightshirt."

'"Steady now," Mark whispers, "go steady, Pat, it's getting up and coming." Pat only gives a bit of a chuckle and says: "Ah, that's him, that's just like him."

'Then Levi calls out from the poorch, soft like: "You got him, then! Is he a fat 'un?"

'"Holy God," cried the sailor, "it *is* the devil!" and he chucks poor Mark over his back at Levi's feet and runs for his mortal life. He was the most frittened of the lot cos' he had n't believed in anything at all — but there it was. And just as he gets to the gate he sees someone else coming along in the dark carrying a something on its shoulder — it was Impey wi' the sheep. "Powers above," cried Pat Crowe, "it's the Day of Judgment come for sartin!" And he went roaring the news up street like a madman, and Impey went off somewheres too — but I dunno where Impey went.

'Well, poor old Mark laid on the ground; he were a game old cock, but he could hardly speak, he was strook dazzled. And Levi was frittened out of his life in the darkness and could n't make anythink out of nothink. He just creeps along to Mark and whispers: "Who be that? Who be that?" And old Mark looks up very timid, for he thought his last hour was on him and he says: "Be that you, Satan?" Drackly Levi heard that all in a onexpected voice he jumped quicker 'en my neighbor's flea. He gave a yell bigger nor Pat Crowe and he bolted too. But as he went he dropped the little tin canister and old Mark picked it up. And he shook the canister, and he heard money in it, and then something began to dawn on him.

'"I rede it, I rede it," he says, "that was Levi Carter, the dirty thief! I rede it, I rede it," he says. And he putt the tin can in his pocket and hopped off home, as if he never knowed what rheumatucks was at all. And when he opened that canister there was the sixty golden sovereigns in that canister. Sixty golden sovereigns! "Bad things 'ull be worse afore they 're better," says Mark, "but they never won't be any better than this." And so he stuck to the money in the canister and that's how he bought his cottage after all. 'T warn't much of a house, just wattle and daub, wi' a thatch o' straa', but 'twas what he fancied and there he ended his days like an old Christian man. (Good health!)'

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A PAGE OF VERSE

ALL THINGS

BY STUART GUTHRIE

[*A Little Anthology of Poems*]

THE rumor of the wings of birds
Nameth Thy name,
The alphabet of flowers spells words
That mean the same.

This man with joy, and that with pain,
for friend,
And he with sin,
Trumpet Thy kingdom without end,
And call us in.

MY DESK

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

[*Westminster Gazette*]

ALL that I ask
Is a desk —
With blotting paper white,
Changed every night;
No litter, but the good
Company of cool wood;
A glass inkpot, so clean
My pen can wade therein
Up to her waist and not
Be liable to blot;
Also, laid in her place,
A crystal pencil-case,
And in that glassy bed
Pencils new sharpenéd;
Nothing to vex the soul
In the neat pigeonhole.
And, finally, there must
Be not a speck of dust.

And I would have the wall
Austerely virginal,
With nothing to intervene
(Above my desk) between
The thing I try to see
And me.

There let me sit
And write at it —
Content with this
Slim doorway to infinities.

THE SMALLEST THING

BY J. D. GLEESON

[*New Witness*]

I HAVE seen a purple sunset
O'er the hills that line my home,
I have seen the stars in triumph
Pierce the color-scattered dome;
I have watched the woods in summer,
Bird and bud and flaming flower,
While the fears of man lay conquered
In the stillness of an hour;
I have known the sound of laughter
Turn the heart of foe to friend:
But I know 'mid all my folly
That the greatest things must end.

Lord, I have lived and loved and wondered
While Thy mercy held the sky;
At Thy banquet I have feasted,
'Tis a small thing left, to die.

THE DAYTIME MOON

BY C. E. LAWRENCE

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THE paring of a cloud, it seems;
A fragment of the stuff of dreams,
That spectre of the morning sky —
An immateriality;
A ghost of gossamer silveriness,
A flounce flown from a fairy's dress,
A casual shadow lifted there
To point the radiance of the air,
A spectral vagrant of the sky,
The prisoner of immensity,
And lonely! — Ah! there nowhere is
A greater loneliness than this,
In that vast azure dome to be
The only actuality;
And yet so trivial, transient, slight,
As barely to reflect the light. . . .
That touch, that hint, of featheriness
Would nothing be if it were less —
The glimmering show of next-to-nought,
The visual echo of a thought. . . .

Frail challenger of the blaze of noon,
Wandering, wonderful morning-moon!

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

'FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST'

FIFTEEN men have huddled together on a single wooden chest in the imagination of most readers of *Treasure Island*, ever since that stirring tale left the fertile brain of R. L. S. and came upon the market. A few readers may have paused to consider that either the fifteen men were very small in stature or else the dead man must have been Hercules himself to own a piece of luggage large enough to accommodate them all. There may even have been a few youthful readers who fancied that the fifteen men were actually encamped on a portion of the defunct mariner's anatomy, in which case — for there is no record that either Hercules or Goliath ever went to sea — the world of literature is the poorer for an unknown giant.

But a Stevenson's birthday note in the 'Miscellany' of the *Manchester Guardian* asserts that both what we may refer to as the 'baggage theory' and what may appropriately be termed the 'anatomical theory' are equally in error: —

> The chest referred to is neither his body nor the box in which he kept his clothes. Dead Man's Chest is an island in the Virgins which has now lost its identity in the new name of Dead Chest Island. Here the pirates were in the habit of repairing to careen their ships and stretch their legs, and naturally it was an ideal occasion for songs which would have a strong piratical and local flavor.

That is fairly conclusive. After all, why should fifteen men cramp themselves on a defunct mariner's baggage, especially when they were convivially occupied — yo, ho, ho! — with a bottle of rum? Besides which there remains the inescapable conclusion that any self-respecting pirate, even though he had passed beyond the confines of this unjust world, would righteously object to having his bodily chest employed as the scene of his own wake.

Where did Stevenson get the song? It has usually been believed to be his own invention, and it does not occur in any known collection of seamen's chanties. But the *Guardian* asserts that on the Chilean coast there is a little church, obviously constructed of timber taken from a ship, and that round the edge of its bell — which presumably was once a ship's bell — run the words 'Fifteen men on the dead man's chest.' The priest attached to the little temple assured a curious inquirer, whom the writer in the *Guardian* does not name, that the building dated from about 1722, just the time when pirates were being driven out of the West Indies and were taking refuge in the Pacific.

'Considering that it is not to be found in the printed page, it is an interesting sidelight on the strange nooks and corners from which Stevenson collected the material for his books,' says the *Guardian*.

But is it quite certain that the chanty does not exist in print? What record is there of a visit by Stevenson to that little church? What proof that he climbed up the steeple and perused the legend on the bell? (Though of course that is just what R. L. S. would have done if he passed the spot at all). Is it not far more likely that the legend on the bell and the refrain in the book have a common origin in some old chanty since lost?

Mr. E. B. Osborn, literary editor of the *Morning Post* and author of *Litera-*

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ture and Life, which has just appeared in America, avers that the song as Stevenson gives it

— supposing it existed — would never have been tolerated aboard the Hispaniola. Flint's cutthroats would have preferred such jocund stuff as 'Haul away, Joe' and 'Hog's-eye man.' It is highly improbable, [Mr. Osborn goes on to say] that there was ever an authentic chanty of the dead man's chest. If there had been, it would be found in one of the standard collections, such as Captain W. B. Whall's, or that published by Dr. R. R. Terry, whose qualifications for collecting and editing a book of chanties are exceptional. Not only is Dr. Terry among the greatest living authorities on our national heritage of English song, but he was reared in an environment of nineteenth-century seamen, and is one of the few landsmen who can sing chanties as the old seamen did.

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A QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN MUSIC

IN *La Tribuna*, of Rome, Gina Monaldi prints an interview with the Italian conductor Tirindelli, who has conducted in Boston, New York, and Cincinnati, and after twenty-seven years of music-making in America, has returned to Italy. Maestro Tirindelli speaks enthusiastically of the 'musical fever' that has seized upon Americans, but it requires no great discernment to perceive that he has his tongue in his cheek while he speaks — a logical, if not an anatomical possibility.

As is natural in an Italian musician, Signor Tirindelli first describes opera. In this branch of the art, the United States has made great progress — financially, at least.

'The Metropolitan — which from the artistic point of view may be considered one of the best in the world — until recently used to close its accounts, year in year out, with a deficit. . . .'

'But it is n't so now!'

'No. Not since the so-called "three kings" have come.'

'Oh, yes. All of them Italians, thank heaven: Toscanini, Caruso, and Gatti Casazza.'

'Their arrival was a revolution: the Metropolitan to-day makes larger profits than any theatre in either America or Europe. . . . As to the success of the Italian opera in general, Verdi and Puccini are still heading the list at the Metropolitan, — even Mascagni and our minor opera-composers. The same thing cannot be said of our chamber and symphony music.'

'Do you think, Maestro, that there is a remedy for this?'

'Indeed there is. We have but to follow the French method. Ever since the war, the French have sought to flatter the American national vanity in every possible way; they have now two of their orchestra conductors in that country — Monteux at Boston and Ysaye at Cincinnati. They have opened a conservatory of music, especially for Americans, and in no less important a place than the Palace of Fontainebleau! The marvelous idea! Think of the heavenly bliss, for the Americans, of being able to sleep, to eat, and to walk where once slept, ate, and walked Louis XV and the other French monarchs!'

'It would seem rather exaggerated as applied to a republican nation like the Americans. . . .'

'Not in the least. The Americans, my dear Monaldi, feel a deep admiration for kings. They have a few of their own — petroleum, iron, steel, finance kings — and to-day they have added another — it is Philip Sousa, the king of the bands. Quite recently he made a concert tour with his band and beat all records by cashing some forty-five thousand dollars, which equals about a million and a half lire. . . .'

'Things American!'

'Oh, there is a veritable musical frenzy nowadays in America. Those millionaires have set their minds on making America the foremost country in the world — in everything.'

'In music, too?'

'In music, too. They study music the way they would study Greek, Latin, or jurisprudence at a university. They think

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that it is just as possible for any one to become a Beethoven or a Rossini as it is to become President of the United States. Of course, I do not know how long they will keep up that musical fever; but one thing is certain — that these days are our days of opportunity overseas! To use this opportunity, as I said, we have to do as the French are doing: lure them to Italy by any means whatsoever, and then make them familiar with our glorious patrimony of antique music which they largely ignore. Exchange our music for their dollars, and in this way . . . help the exchange!'

Signor Tirindelli, by the way, is mistaken in calling Ysaye a Frenchman. He is a Belgian.

✻

'POLLY,' A SEQUEL TO THE 'BEGGAR'S OPERA'

THE successful revivals of Gay's *Beggar's Opera* both in England and America have encouraged the Kingsway Theatre, London, to embark on a similar venture in *Polly*, the sequel to the inimitable production of Gay's talented Beggar. Like the 'Opera,' *Polly* requires some alteration for the modern stage, and the adapted version has been made by Mr. Clifford Bax, editor of the *Golden Hind*, to which reference was made last week.

Polly was written immediately after the *Beggar's Opera* had made its success, but it did not reach the stage until the American Revolution was in full swing, in 1777; for the Lord Chamberlain, in his capacity of censor, had prevented its first presentation, probably at the instigation of Walpole, who had been mercilessly satirized in the earlier work. Gay, no whit disconcerted, used the censorship of the play as an advertisement for the book, and found that censorship was just as good 'publicity' in his day as it is now.

The scene of the new opera is laid in the West Indies, whither Macheath has been transported, and whither the faithful Polly follows him. The adventures of this artless couple in the New World were sufficiently popular to justify two revivals before the present one, the first in 1782 and the second in 1813.

Mr. Frederick Austin, who made the musical version of the revival of the *Beggar's Opera*, has performed the same exacting task for *Polly*. His work has hardly had sufficient recognition from a public that is inclined to give all the credit for the music's charm to its unknown original composers. This is not fair to Mr. Austin, who has had nothing to work with except the bare tunes, eked out only by an unfigured bass that is usually too stiff and clumsy to be of any use. No hints are given the accompanist and frequently not even the instrument is indicated.

The original version had no overture, but Mr. Austin has supplied this lack by gathering themes from the songs. Gay had exhausted the best popular songs of the period for the tunes of the *Beggar's Opera* and in consequence had to fall back on several French and Italian melodies from operatic favorites long since forgotten. The music in *Polly*, therefore, is not so consistently English in feeling and atmosphere as that of the *Beggar's Opera*. One of the marches comes from Handel's *Scipio*.

✻

BERNARD SHAW IN THE ORIENT

MR. — late Professor — Robert Nichols, the young English poet who went out to Tokyo as a Professor of English, describes in the *Japan Advertiser* his surprise at finding Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man* played in a Tokyo theatre by a Japanese company which, according to his account, was extremely competent. Mr. Nichols had failed to get tickets for another play that he had expected to attend, when the box-office man made a suggestion: —

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'Ah, Professor, step right along to th' Imperial where I guess you'll fin' a play by Bernashaw.'

'Bernard Shaw?'

'That's it Bernashaw.'

'You don't mean it?' (One is sometimes such a bumpkin in this surprising and resourceful world).

'Sure, I certainly do. What 's to-day — Thursday? That is first night, I think.'

Now I wanted and still want to know why we are n't told about these things; why in the usual course of events we never hear about them till afterward. But all I said was, 'Will the box office be open now?'

'Sure.'

And off I trotted. For one must see it of course, if only to murmur about it in the Home Counties. 'Have you ever seen "Arms and the Man," Mr. Nichols?' 'Yes, three times — the last in Japan.' 'In Japan?' 'Yes, acted in Japanese at the chief theatre in Tokyo. The Japanese are like that.' Sensation in the Home Counties. Very good for them, too.'

Mr. Nichols has nothing but praise for the performance of the actors. He especially applauded Mr. Kanya Morita as Bluntschli, Mr. Tettegi Togis as Petkoff, and Miss Fusaka Fujima as Madame Petkoff. Japanese actors presenting a play about Bulgarians, with a Swiss hero and an English-Irish-or-Scotch-as-you-prefer-it author — and yet George Moore says that international art is an impossibility.

But let us hear Mr. Nichols himself: —

Let it be stated at once that the performance at the Imperial Theatre attained a very high standard. In fact, I am of the opinion that, taken as a whole, the performance was considerably superior to that I saw in London with Robert Lorraine as Bluntschli and Stella Patrick Campbell as Raina. First: every word that was spoken could be heard all over the house, a virtue only too rare when 'stars' are good enough to perform in London. Second: the most careful attention was paid to every point in a text bristling with points. I know the play very well, having seen it twice in England and read it at least six times (it makes excellent reading).

On this occasion I followed it in the book. True, of course, many of the points were entirely missed by the audience. But that was not the fault of the actors.

Despite the differences between the Occidental and Oriental stages, there has been no lack of venturesome actors who have attempted European plays. It is nearly ten years since a dramatic club consisting of Chinese amateurs gave Hall Caine's *The Bondsman* and announced a programme of British, French, and German plays. *The Bondsman*, according to an English auditor's account, was by no means so successful as the Japanese attempt to grapple with the intricacies of Shavian dialectic; and

the mixture of costumes was somewhat incongruous. The hero, for instance, wore a kind of golfing suit of velveteen, elastic-side boots, and his queue concealed under a brown wig; while the heroine was in ordinary native dress. There were occasional lapses into Pidgin English or French.

The Chinese players, however, did not share the Japanese enthusiasm for the works of G. B. S., and when his plays were suggested to the secretary of the club, he expressed views in perfect accord with those of British critics of an earlier generation: 'That man he no savee what thing b'long ploper play: he makee too muchee bobbery, too muchee talkee.'

The reader who has met a few educated Chinese may reflect that if an Oriental talks about Bernard Shaw at all, he is likely to do it with a Harvard or an Oxford accent, and that Pidgin English is unknown to those sacred intonations. But the story comes from no less an authority than the *Fortnightly Review*.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Hadrian's Wall, by Jessie Mothersole. With fourteen illustrations by the author. London: John Lane, 1922. 8*s.* 6*d.*

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THE title of this little book might mean many things. Here it means a light and breezy account of a walk along the line of Hadrian's Wall, which is a little marred by banalities and trivialities that give a reader the constant impression that the book wants 'tidying up.' Underneath all this garrulity, however, which the writer (like Kipling's Tommy) probably 'could n't help if she tried,' there runs a thread of fine enthusiasm, inspired by a genuine love of the Wall and its country — intelligible enough to those who know both — which first prompted the authoress to resolve that she would 'walk every step of the line of the Wall consecutively,' and then enabled her to carry out her resolution as far as is now humanly possible.

All along the route, quite unobtrusively, she shows that she is familiar with the very latest investigations into the origin and meaning of the Wall, the Vallum, and the Forts; and archæological references are relieved by a lively appreciation of the birds, the flowers, the animals, the people, and above all, of the wild, weird country, 'in-by' and 'out-by,' where the Roman 'marked the solid earth forever to declare that the era of conquest was ended.'

Apart from its artistic merits the book is of value to archæology, in one sense, because Miss Mothersole's enthusiasm led her to explore farms and quarries off the line of the Wall for inscriptions and relics which we are glad to know are still in existence, though it is difficult to understand how such a devotee should miss the most interesting of all — 'the letters that the vexillary hath left crag-carven o'er the streaming Gelt.'

La Nouvelle Bulgarie, by Alfred-Jacques Kaiser. Paris: H. Elias (22 rue Saint-Denis), 1922.

[Charles Merki in *La Mercure de France*]

M. ALFRED-JACQUES KAISER'S little book, *La Nouvelle Bulgarie*, pleads for a nation and a people who yesterday were ranged, through German intrigues, among our enemies. Since then peace has been made, and the Treaty of Neuilly — the author says — has been carefully and conscientiously carried out, even though this has been done with a view to an immediate understanding and more or less immediate gains. The responsibility for the war is cast upon the king — who disappeared from the stage with the close of the War — and his War Cabinet. The people themselves were always opposed to it.

Fifty-One Years of Victorian Life, by the Dowager Countess of Jersey. London: Murray. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1922.

[*Outlook*]

LADY JERSEY'S book owes its success to the number of distinguished and interesting people she has met, and the quiet humor with which she records her impressions of them. Froude, the historian, for instance, once said to her that books were objectionable — 'all books ought to be burnt.' Why then, asked Lady Jersey, did he write them? He shrugged his shoulders and remarked, '*Il faut vivre.*' 'A pleasant though slightly cynical man,' is Lady Jersey's summing up.

Another acquaintance of these early days was Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the Confederate States, then in Europe on parole. Lady Jersey describes him as 'a benevolent old gentleman who impressed my cousins and myself by the paternal way in which he addressed any elder girl as "daughter." '

Lady Jersey even met the great Duke of Wellington, but was too young to remember it. She had some excellent ghost-stories from the late Lord Halsbury when he was still Mr. Giffard, and knew Joseph Chamberlain as a young man. The latter, then a Radical, once confided in her his belief that a statesman should always be prepared to alter his convictions in accordance with the movement of public opinion, because 'the people ought to have what they really wanted.' But, as Lady Jersey shrewdly remarks, 'this principle may be pushed too far.' Besides there is another alternative — a statesman might resign! They never seem to think of that.

Lady Jersey, of course, belongs to one of the old Tory families, and therefore it is not surprising to find the brilliant Lord Derby among her friends. His letters are the best things in this book — full of pointed criticism of contemporary politics and politicians, and sometimes showing a surprising gift of prophecy, as in the case of 'young Sir Edward Grey' whom he 'spotted' as a rising man.

Chinese Furniture. A Series of Examples from Collections in France. Introduction by Herbert Cescinsky. With 54 collotype plates and 20 halftones. London: Benn Brothers, 1922. 50*s.*

[*Morning Post*]

THE interest in Chinese art, particularly in its simpler and more austere aspects, is rapidly growing, and there is need of a reliable treatise on Chinese furniture, the department which has

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most recently attracted the notice of connoisseurs and collectors. An exhaustive work cannot be looked for as yet — probably not for some years — but the present monograph, with its well-chosen and well-produced illustrations and suggestive introduction by Mr. Herbert Cescinsky, a well-known authority, will help to fill the gap.

Even those who possess fine examples of Oriental lacquer-work can seldom distinguish between Chinese and Japanese furniture, and do not know that many of the so-called Chinese cabinets really come from Japan. The first broad distinction between Chinese and Japanese furniture arises from the fact that the Chinaman sits on a chair or stool, the Japanese on the floor — so that, for the latter, every article is dwarfed in proportion. Again, there are differences in the lacquer-work of the two peoples, which can be fully appreciated only after a long and varied experience.

The Real Lord Northcliffe, by Louise Owen. London: Cassell, 1922. *2s.*

Lord Northcliffe, A Memoir, by Max Pemberton. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1922. *7s. 6d.*

[*Sunday Times*]

Two of the three promised memoirs of Lord Northcliffe — *The Real Lord Northcliffe*, by Louise Owen, and *Lord Northcliffe, a Memoir*, by Max Pemberton — have now been published: the first, an intimate study of a great man at work, by a woman who was his confidential secretary for twenty years, and the second, a more general life-study of the great journalist by a well-known author, who knew the founder of the *Daily Mail* since he was fourteen. Frankly, it would take fifty people to write an exhaustive book on this subject, for the maker of the *Daily Mail* had so many sides to his character that no one person knew them all.

Lithuania: Past and Present, by E. J. Harrison. London: Fisher Unwin, 1922. *16s.*

[*Sunday Times*]

Mr. Harrison sketches for us a land of farms and forests, and of lakes over two thousand in number. He outlines the history of the Lithuanian people from primitive times, through the glorious days of the fourteenth century, when their dominions stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea; through succeeding centuries of decadence, oppression, and gradual renascence, down to the election of Lithuania's first Constituent Assembly in May, 1920.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book describes the efforts of Lithuania during the years 1870–1914 to emanicipate herself from Russian domination; the surreptitious circulation of hectographed vernacular newspapers; the missionary journeys of propagandist Lithuanians from village to village; the instant seizure of the opportunities for rebellion afforded by the Russo-Japanese War and the Russian Revolution of 1905; the prompt coöperation of Lithuanians abroad with every patriotic movement in the homeland.

Mr. Harrison treats of Polish-Lithuanian disputes from the standpoint of an avowed partisan. He accuses Poland of 'incorrigible treachery'; of frequent violation of provisional frontiers; of making terms with Lithuania when the Bolshevist peril loomed on the horizon, only to break them when the danger was over; of secret support combined with public repudiation of General Zeligowski. His accusations are documented from what must be regarded as somewhat biased depositions. He falls foul of the French because they support Poland; of the League of Nations because it did not penalize the recalcitrant Poles; even of Great Britain because she has not dissociated herself from Franco-Polish policy. He claims Memel for Lithuania, resents the prolonged French occupation, and disapproves the suggested constitution of the town and territory as a 'Free State' after the Danzig model.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED

Ainslie, Douglas. *Adventures Social and Literary.* London: Fisher Unwin. For early publication. A book of recollections beginning with the author's early days in Paris.

Bennett, Allan. *The Wisdom of the Aryas.* London: Kegan Paul. Now in press. The author is an Englishman who spent fourteen years as a Buddhist monk in Burma and Ceylon.

Macfall, Haldane. *The Book of Lovat.* London: Morland Press. A memorial to Claude Lovat Fraser, best known in America as designer of settings and costumes for the *Beggar's Opera.* The biography is illustrated with two hundred of the dead artist's decorations and there are several reproductions in color.

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Coppard, A. E. *Adam and Eve and Pinch Me.* Waltham Saint Lawrence, Berkshire: Golden Cockerell Press, 1921. New York: Knopf.

Osborn, E. B. *Literature and Life.* London: Methuen, 1921. New York: Dutton, 1922.

A Little Anthology of Poems, edited by Stuart Guthrie. Bognor, England: Pear Tree Press. 1922.

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—History: Quarterly Journal of the Historical Association, London.

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